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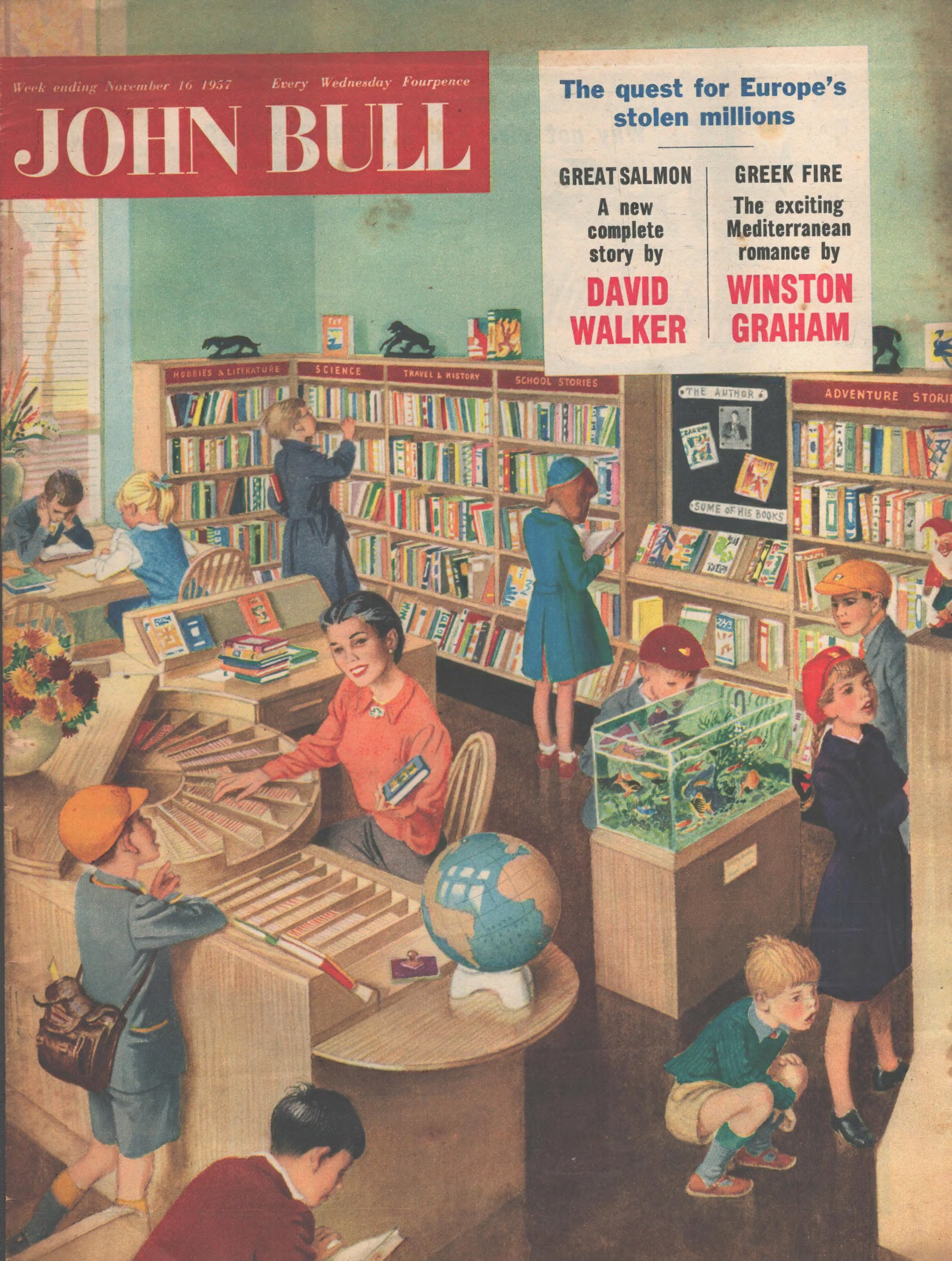

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CHANCERY 3344 NOVEMBER 16, 1957 VOLUME 102 NUMBER 2681

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Harry J. Greenwall. His neighbour had found gold

HARRY J. GREENWALL spent two years seeking material in five countries for his article, *On The Trail Of Europe's Stolen Treasure*, on page 12. He says that it gave him the toughest assignment in his long career as a journalist. "Nobody seemed to want to talk about it," he says. "You would think that rescuing millions of pounds' worth of gold was something to be ashamed of."

A large portion of Greenwall's working life has been spent as correspondent of a London newspaper in Paris. There Colonel Watson, Secretary-General of the Gold Commission, which is recovering Europe's stolen millions, was a near neighbour.

During the war Greenwall was in France, on political intelligence work for Britain. For two years he was held under open arrest in Grenoble; then one day in 1942 he fled. By the time he reached Lisbon, lack of food had cut his weight from eleven stone to six.

Greenwall's father intended him for the Stock Exchange. Greenwall disagreed. One day he threw up his job in a chartered accountant's office and ran away with £5 of his savings in his pocket. He turned up later in Paris and slept for two night in the Champs-Élysées. "I was a real down and out." After spells as a clerk, typewriter salesman and tutor, he joined the *Continental Daily Mail* as a reporter.

Greenwall and his wife now live in Buckinghamshire, but soon they are going to Majorca where he will finish the two books he is working on.

SEVEN sonnets, each describing one day of the week—that was what Scottish poet Robert Leslie Cook aimed at. The first two days were easy subjects: the Scottish Sabbath and "that Monday morning feeling which hangs like a depressing cloud over me each week." But then Cook got stuck. He admits frankly: "I just couldn't think of anything to say about the other days." So only two sonnets were written; *Monday* appears on page 34.

Cook is now teaching English at a secondary school in his native Edinburgh. "Like many people," he recalls, "I started writing verse when I was bored." That happened to him when he served on a naval shore station in Scotland. Later, when he was a supply officer in Ceylon, Cook edited a poetry broadsheet. "It had a wide circulation," he says proudly, "for it went out to all ships in the East India station—which at that time stretched to Australia."

Now, in his first year as a teacher, Cook finds correcting English essays and helping to coach the Rugby team leaves him little time for writing. What verse he does produce comes under the critical eye of his wife Janet. "Fortunately," says Cook, "our two daughters have not yet set themselves up as critics." So far Penelope, who is thirteen, and ten-year-old Lindsay, seem to have inherited only a talent for painting from their grandfather—and a hatred of Monday mornings from their father.

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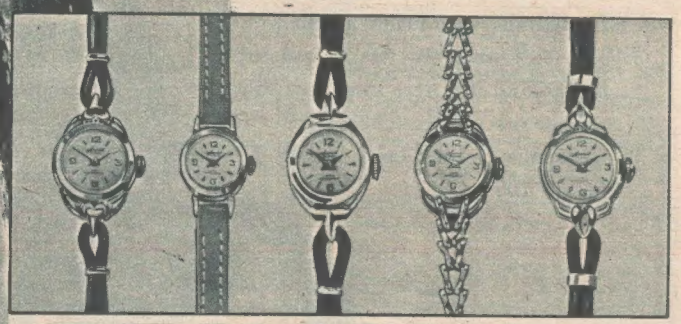

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Free Speech

- **Do big firms undermine family life?**
- **Why men should carry handbags**
- **Nest eggs which are fading away**

IT's time that the well-meaning British firms which pour money into huge welfare schemes realized the damage that they do.

My husband works for a big combine. He can play cricket, soccer, hockey and tennis on a sports ground with a pavilion that would be the envy of many First Division soccer clubs; join an amateur drama group with its own fully equipped theatre; go on angling outings to any river in the country; and take part in evening cultural and educational programmes of university standard.

Yet, with the exception of the highly subsidized restaurant at which he can get a first-class meal for a half-crown, it's all a big mistake.

A German firm which my son often visits has the right idea. All its welfare money goes into pension and family insurance schemes, a housing project, and even a home-help service for the wives of employees with children. The whole aim is to *add* to the comfort and security of a man's private life, not undermine it by tempting him to spend his free time away from the home.—MRS. A. C., Swansea, Glamorgan.

Debtors' Exit

When an agent employed by my firm absconded with £200 worth of samples he was caught by the police, found guilty of larceny, and ordered to pay compensation to the firm at the rate of £2 weekly.

No payments were received, and when the firm made inquiries it found that the man had emigrated to Canada. The court said that there was now nothing that they could do about enforcing payment.

It seems that all a person has to do to escape payment of a debt is to emigrate.—J. C., Leicester.

"The expense of an extradition order is only justified when the offence is a major one," says the Home Office. "But there are reciprocal arrangements between British, though not Scottish, courts and most provinces in Canada to enforce continued payment of wife maintenance orders."

Sparrow Sweeper

I recently treated bare patches on our small lawn with grass seed and soil. To keep the sparrows off, my son fixed a long cane to the turntable

of an old gramophone, and it sweeps a diameter of about ten feet for forty-five minutes at each winding. This mechanical scarecrow is very effective.—R. FIRTH, Lime Pit Lane, Stanley, Wakefield.

Tourist Attractions

Once again the tourist season has passed leaving me bewildered. The holidaymakers who visited our village stayed at an hotel set amid beautiful green fields and with a stretch of golden sand within a stone's throw. But most of the visitors seemed to spend their time at the "industrial" part of the village, which boasts two shops, a post-office, a café, two stores, a petrol pump, a bus stance, a pier

(complete with cargo and fishing vessels) and—the *pièce de résistance* —a coal dump.—C. W., Shetland.

Pocket Obliterator

I used to envy men their numerous pockets—until I became a cinema fan. Now, as soon as I get comfortably settled in my seat, the man in front leans over sharply to the left to get his cigarettes from the right-hand pocket. He then rolls to the right to get his matches.

Ten minutes later he blocks out the screen again in his efforts to get out his money for an ice-cream, after which we are back in the rock 'n' roll routine for more cigarettes until the end of the performance.

Give me a handbag any time.—MISS ELSIE RODEN, Longford Place, Victoria Park, Manchester, 4.

Unqualified Dispensers

I recently read two advertisements by chemists wanting dispensary assistants. In one the words "previous experience not essential" were inserted and in the other the word "unqualified."

But I had always believed dispensing to be a skilled job. Surely an untrained person isn't allowed to make up prescriptions containing drugs which might prove dangerous if used in the wrong proportions.—MRS. E. V. JEAVONS, Down Road, Winterbourne Down, Gloucestershire.

"Dispensers are merely assistants working under the strict supervision of a pharmacist who is legally responsible for the prescriptions," says a chemist. "Their instructions might be as simple as: 'Count out fifty tablets from this bottle.'"

Failing To Pass

When a candidate fails to pass a driving test, why won't the examiner tell him where he has gone wrong? The cryptic marks made on a form alongside his weakest driving points are not detailed enough. There are several ways in which one can misuse gears, for example, but a driver's particular weakness is never indicated.—W. H., Yorkshire.

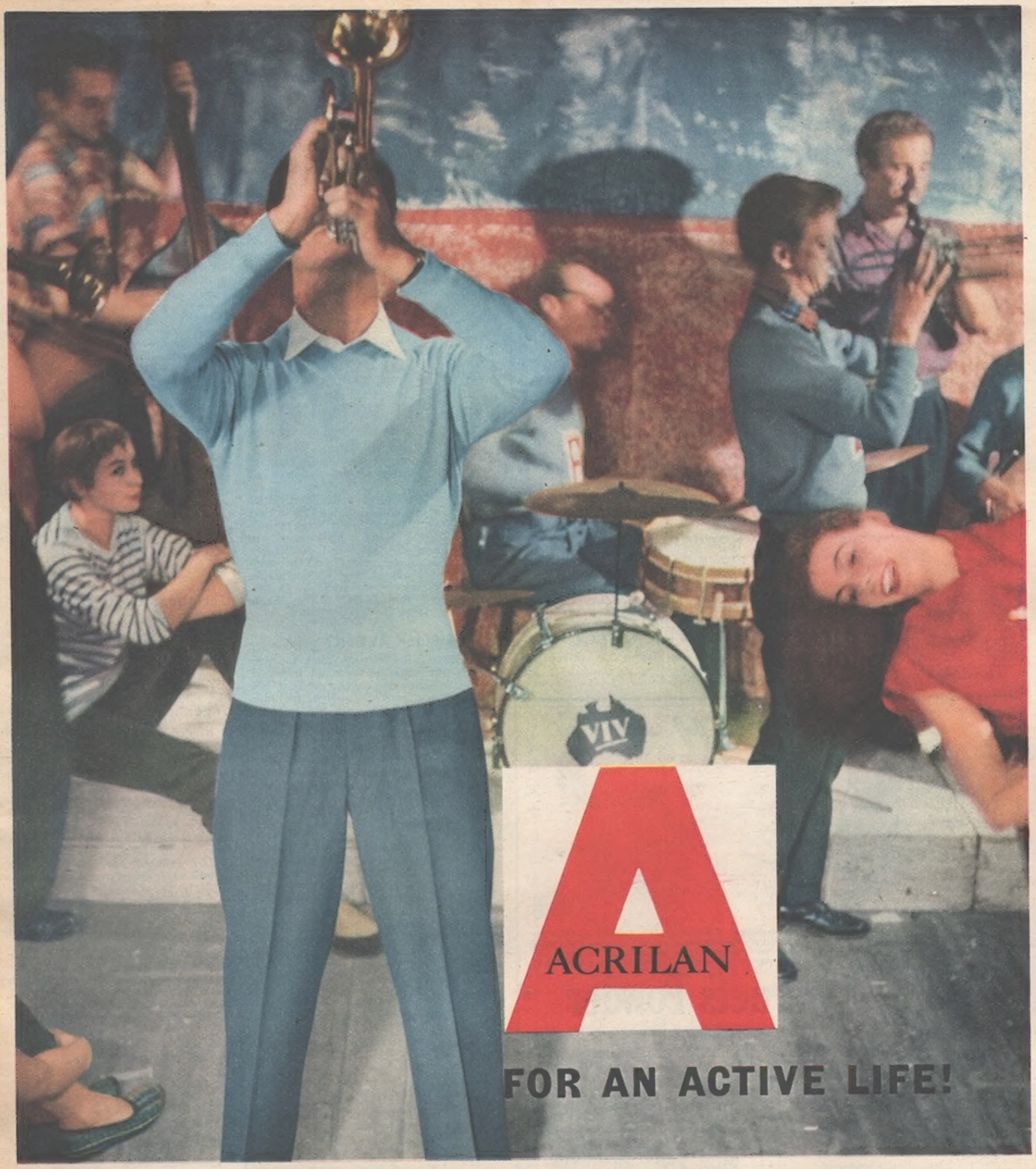
"We are too busy to risk getting involved in explanations—and possibly arguments—with failed drivers," says a tester. "The form should give W. H. all the information that he needs."

Diminished Return

I'm sick and tired of hearing that life is hard for young folks today. Doubtless it is, but what of my generation?

We fought a war "all for a tanner a day." We built homes and raised families in the teeth of mass unemployment and low wages. We denied ourselves luxuries, even modest pleasures, trying to put by a nest

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

egg. Now inflation has deflated our meagre savings. We daren't think of retirement because of the increased rates and taxes we pay to provide all these family allowances, cheap meals and milk. And if we as much as mention these things nowadays we are dubbed both old *and* contemptible.—G. V., Yorkshire.

Pick Of The Crops

A friend of mine back from abroad tells me that New Zealanders think of Britain as an island covered in perpetual mist with a climate unsuitable for growing things. That is

why, they add, New Zealand has to ship us butter, cheese, apples and lamb.

New Zealanders and other critics of Britain's climate should know that pickings of raspberries, strawberries, blackberries and mushrooms in Britain towards the end of October are not exceptional. And in mid-October I was picking outdoor grapes and tomatoes as well. — B. G. Furner, White Hall Lane, Slade Green, Kent.

Too Much At Sea?

I doubt whether any other L-driver has the same problem as mine. I am a lighthouse keeper on Fair Isle and have carried L-plates for nine years because the visit of a ministry tester to the Shetland mainland has never coincided with my annual leave.

Even the Chief Constable of Shetland, who is permitted to test his own constables, wasn't allowed to test me. So I withdrew my application for a test, which had been in the hands of the authorities for six years, and was refunded 7s. 6d.

Now, under the new regulations, I find that tests are compulsory within a stated time and that a new application will cost me £1. To top it all my licences have cost me £9 instead of the £2 5s. I would have paid had I had a test and passed.—John T. Henderson, Fair Isle.

"This is a real teaser," says the Ministry of Transport. "A tester visiting Shetland on December 2 will stay more than a week only if the number of applicants warrants it. All that we can suggest is that Mr. Henderson tells the local authorities when his next annual leave is due so that they can bear the dates in mind."

Greying Youngsters

I am intrigued by the number of people between the ages of twenty-five and fifty who have grey or greying hair. Is this anything to do with the chemicals in the food we eat today, or is it just further evidence of the stress and strain of living in this H-bomb era?—W. S. S. Roberts, Tedder Road, Penwithick, St. Austell, Cornwall.

"Grey hair is an inherited characteristic," says a doctor, "and I doubt whether it's on the increase—except among those who think it fashionable or distinguished and resort to the dye bottle. Contrary to popular belief, there has never been a proved case of anybody's hair turning grey overnight, although a bereavement or similar shock might accelerate an ageing process which has already begun."

Picnic Pickpocket

Visitors to my locality are often surprised by the speed with which hill sheep hurry down to accept tit-bits from the hands of picnickers.

The owner of several of these sheep recently noticed that one of them had something round its neck. When the sheep was rounded up and caught the object was found to be a leather shopping bag containing a bank book and a £1 note, which were later returned to the owner.—S. Jarvis, Madeira Walk, Church Stretton, Shropshire.

Christmas Cost

With Christmas upon us I am planning gifts for my American friends. Every year the pleasure is taken out of this because I am forced to reveal the price I paid for the articles on a declaration label stuck to the outside of the parcel.

Maybe this *is* necessary, but couldn't we have a separate label to be handed over and kept at the place of posting?—Mrs. Mollie Peace, Highlands Road, Wolverhampton.

"I sympathize," says a Customs officer, "but most of the receiving countries need this information so that they can calculate the amount of duty payable, and separate documents could be lost too easily. We have our troubles, too. Many people declare inflated purchase prices to impress their friends, and we have to take this into consideration so that we don't charge the unfortunate recipients too much duty."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

War, crime and adventure . . . these are the things, in order of preference, which today's children, schoolboys *and* schoolgirls, toddlers and teenagers, want to read about. Fourth in the boys' list is sport; for the girls it is romance. With such thoughts on their minds, Britain's children, like these of artist Mays, borrowed eight per cent more library books last year than in the previous year. So stand aside television, wide-screen films and super-spaceships . . . the library holds the stage as the curtain rises on this new age of the written word.

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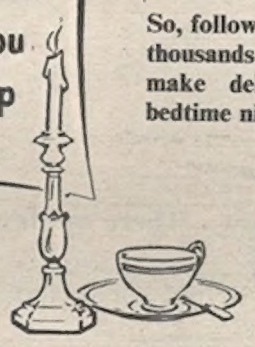

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P. 348

GREAT SALMON

by ***DAVID WALKER***

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

What a fish! And this . . . this hateful female had the nerve to poach for it

MICHAEL CROMBIE of Durler collected rod and other things from the car and walked upstream. About him were his trees and rhododendrons; over the bank, the River Durler flowed. He stopped to consider *Betula Papyrifera,* canoe birch, a North American exotic. "You're doing well," he said.

He had spent the day, and far too much money at a cattle sale. "You're a beauty," he said now about the yearling Aberdeen Angus bull. He saw that ebony perfection; but through and beyond his baby bull he saw his bank

She stooped lithely and gathered his clothes—shirt, trousers, jacket, shoes. "I'll teach you," she told him. "I hope you die of pneumonia"

manager. "Sir Michael," that gentleman had said last week, "we view with great sympathy your determination to build up your herd, but. . . ." And now another thousand guineas.

"You're a fool," remarked Michael Crombie to himself, and he walked, on this fine May evening, until he reached *Rhododendron Aquamarinus Crombiensis*, his own prize hybrid. The flowers were perfection, a deep, soft tropical blue. "I love you," he said, and did.

"One of my many troubles," he said, walking up the glade again, "is that I love too many things too much. Another trouble," he continued, "is that I have started talking to myself. I'm nearly thirty-six. By the time I'm forty I'll be stark staring cuckoo."

But he had reached his destination. He lay at the top of the bank, spying fifty feet down to the Hour-Glass Pool. He forgot his many lesser loves in the prospect of his one great love, which was salmon fishing. At this place the Durler flowed in a deep gully, almost a gorge, but the steep banks flattened near the water, so that a man could wade and clamber and pick his way along the river's edge.

To Crombie's left, upstream, was a wide dark pool; beyond it, above either bank, were the relics of a metal footbridge; to his right, downstream, was a wide dark pool; below him the river narrowed, plunging from one pool to the other; hence the faulty simile of the Hour-Glass.

It was here that salmon lay. Crombie knew every rock and boulder on the river bed, the pale glimmer in the black, the shafts of evening sun. He counted three small fish, ten-pounders more or less. "I can't see you, Leviathan," he said, and focused his binoculars on Leviathan's own lie behind a granite rock. "I don't believe you've gone," he said. "Not without rain."

He meant rain to bring the river into ploy; a rise of rain-fresh water that would make Leviathan attack a fly here in the Hour-Glass pool; that would call him up to higher pools.

"I must strike the moment," said Michael Crombie to himself, and to the unseen fish he loved and longed to kill, "when the itch to move is on but you haven't gone."

He knew there was no chance of catching the big fish in this lifeless water. But it might be worth trying for a smaller one. He would go down now in a minute. There were clouds in the south, a damp whiff of rain. "Rain, rain, stay in Spain until tomorrow night," he said. This was Tuesday, his fishing day—Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, McCracken had the water; Colonel Giles McCracken, rattlesnake.

He looked across to the McCracken side, to the park beyond the river bank. A Hereford bullock stood watching him at the fence. "Pale-faced brute," he said. "I hate you."

But a beast of an inferior cattle breed was not the only sign of McCracken life, for a human now descended a zigzag path, skirted the upper pool, and strolled as casual as you please, and yet with purpose, to a point opposite Michael Crombie. He opened his mouth to shout, but no sound emerged.

Crombie knew this person. He had met her at a sherry party not a week ago. He had seen her in a mill of people, had caught her eye and, being a man of action, had crossed the room to talk.

They talked. Her looks were astonishing, her mind alive, her outlandish speech appealing. "I like you," he said after a while, with a blunt honesty which sometimes startled girls. "Who are you?"

This girl was not startled. She laughed, and said: "I'm Polly McCracken from Canada. I'm staying with my Uncle Giles, such a sweet old darling, do you know him?"

Know that sweet old . . . ? Know my late father's mortal enemy, and mine? Michael Crombie boggled, gulped down his whisky, sought to escape for more.

"I like you too," she said, with a frankness that matched his own. "But why do you look so funny suddenly? What's eating you? Who are you?"

He glowered at a member of the hated breed. He bowed. "Michael Crombie is my name," he said. "By no means at your service, ma'am."

Her eyes, blue as the tropic sea, turned blue as ice. "Crombie," she said, "I guess I can remember that. It rhymes with Zombie, doesn't it?" They had parted like magnets of similar polarity, in instinctive violent repulsion.

There was nothing to stop a McCracken from walking the McCracken bank on a Crombie fishing day. Indeed, such would be a typical fish-scaring trick. But Polly McCracken now carried salmon rod and gaff, and that told quite a different story.

He tried to shout once more, in vain. His ears were singing, and his heart beat fast; and then his wits returned. "Only a damn female," Crombie muttered. "Won't be able to fish for toffee. Even I couldn't make Leviathan take a fly today. But is Leviathan there? She'll thrash the water, might stir him up. Then I'll give her a shock she won't forget."

MICHAEL CROMBIE was not a Scotsman of the canny kind, but he was blessed with cunning. He watched the McCracken draw out line. Her first short cast told him that she was no stranger to a salmon rod.

A twinge of apprehension. He watched her lengthen line until the fly dropped at his side of the stream. She fished it carefully round, right round to the McCracken bank. She stepped down, took in slack, cast again, and shot line expertly. Two more casts, and the fly would pass the rock below which Leviathan was wont to lie. You could see him in sunshine earlier in the day. But now, if he still lay there, he lay invisible in shadow.

Michael looked from his vantage point. He could see what a man or a woman at the water's edge could not. This time! He put the binoculars to his eyes. Sure enough, there was a movement in the deep, a dim torpedo, rising, turning. . . .

Crombie hissed. He thought that the mighty fish was going to do the thing he had deemed impossible—take the McCracken fly. But no. The substance vanished in the shadow, four foot at least of fish, fifty inches possibly, a pound an inch.

Had she seen? If so, she would repeat that cast. In any case she must be stopped at once.

Miss McCracken had not seen Leviathan—one step on, a glance at the bank too close behind her, a dexterous half Spey-cast, and a downward punch; the line rolled straight and the fly plopped in. "Hey!" he shouted. "What do you think you're doing?"

The rod point jerked, but Miss McCracken fished her fly meticulously round. Then she looked up and said: "I think I'm fishing," took another pace down, and drew in slack.

"Stop! Stop, do you hear me?" If she was not halted immediately, she would be fishing over three small salmon, eager striplings, not dour monsters. "Don't you know it's Tuesday? Stop, I say."

But Miss McCracken paid no heed. He dropped his rod, and bounded angrily from ledge to ledge and into the Durler gorge. "Are you deaf?" His voice boomed and echoed. She cast again.

"Deafened," she said absently. "Not deaf." Just then the line stopped swinging. It checked for a long second; then it moved slowly, even sedately, back across the stream. "I'm into a fish," she cried. A glow, a blush of perfect happiness spread over Miss McCracken's face. She set her hook, not harshly, but with a firm, neat stroke of butt.

For one bad moment Michael Crombie feared. . . . Then a big black fin cut up the fast water and was gone. Leviathan had been disturbed, but mildly. He was well out of the

Her voice pursued him as he climbed the

way in the upper pool, but he would be back.

The small fish jumped, and the line came out. "Point down!" he screamed. But the point of the rod was already down, and the salmon splashed in again, a twisting arch of silver. She recovered line, lost it, got a little back.

Crombie was a true fisherman. He forgot that this was Tuesday and this the niece of his enemy. He gave instructions: "Be firm. Gently does it. Keep him out of those rocks."

"Stop teaching your granny," the girl panted. "Let me play my fish."

He was silent then; it came back to him that a Tuesday fish was not Granny's fish, but his. The gaff was still slung across his back. He unslung it, and waited on his rock.

A fish hooked from the other bank tried, naturally, to keep as far away as possible. Here

bank. "You're the most horrible, mean, hateful, stinking man I've ever met," she shouted

it came, tiring a little but not played out. He leaned far over, and deftly and swiftly gaffed the salmon. He killed it. He tossed the fly, a Blue Charm, back into the water and Miss McCracken reeled it in.

"That was unsporting," she accused him. "It wasn't nearly ready for the gaff. Oh well, thank you."

"Not at all," he said, and held up the salmon by the gills. "Between nine and ten. Nine and a half would be my guess."

"Are they all small fish?" she asked. She was breathing fast, and her hair was awry, and her cheeks were pink. He had to admit that this McCracken was a bonny fisherwoman.

"Pretty small," he said disingenuously. "We get an occasional bigger one in the August run." And then added, muttering thoughts as was his wont of late: "But never ever have we ever had a whopper like Leviathan. Not ever, no. I'm going to get you, Big Boy, somehow."

"First you bellow, then you mumble. What did you say? Did you say you're getting to be a big boy now?"

"No," he said, displeased. He looked across the river. "Well-formed," he thought aloud, "but tarred with the same McCracken brush." He frowned at her. "You're poaching," he said sharply. "Surely you know that by long-standing convention the riparian rights on the River Durler alternate each weekday."

"Golly!" she said, with a snorting giggle. "Now you sound like a little legal man."

The little legal-sounding man was six foot three. He had a thought from the sherry party. He put his glasses on her, focusing them for the shorter range. "I was afraid of it," he said. "The exact shade of *Rhododendron Aquamarinus*. That takes the gilt off my rhododendron."

Miss McCracken stared back at him through the circle of his glasses. Her blue eyes gleamed. Every visible eight-times-magnified inch of her was stormy. "I hate rhododendrons," she snarled at him. "And you're plumb crazy."

He suspected that very thing about himself. He lowered his glasses. "You're poaching," he repeated in a reasonable tone.

"There was nobody here an hour ago, so I took one of Uncle Giles's rods, and here I am." Miss McCracken's hands were on her hips. She breathed defiance. "Where I learned to fish we don't have any silly rules. First come, first served. So there!" She wore an old tweed skirt and an exceptionally well-knit sweater.

"Where did you learn to fish for salmon?" Michael Crombie asked. Sometimes she made him feel uncomfortable. He resented it.

"In British Columbia," she said. "Our salmon are the biggest and the best in all the world."

"Indeed?" he said. Just then the Hereford mooed from the McCracken fence. It gave him the comparison he needed. "Not genuine salmon, of course," he said. "No more real salmon than that ugly brute is a real cattle beast."

"*Ugly?* Why, Uncle Giles has the best Herefords this side of the Rocky Mountains. I ought to know. Half his breeding stock came from Daddy's ranch."

"So you're a Hereford rancher's daughter." He knew this already. Old McCracken's younger brother had emigrated twenty years ago. "I suppose your ranch is the biggest and the best in all the world?"

"Half a million acres," Miss McCracken said. "Fourteen thousand Herefords." She saw the disagreeable madman wince. "Do you raise cattle?"

"I do," he said. "I raise a little tiny teensy-weensy herd—to wit, the best eighty of the best breed in the world. Aberdeen Angus, I need hardly say." He saw his baby bull again. He was a little anxious about his overdraft, but very happy about his baby bull, and pleased with himself because he was making Miss McCracken, with her Daddy's fourteen thousand Herefords, look foolish.

"Oh," she said, shuddering. "Those loathsome fat black sausages. I simply cannot bear them."

His hot temper stirred. But there was an interruption now. "Polly!" A stentorian voice came from beyond the river. "Polly! Oh dear, where is that gel? Lost her for hours. My only niece, my heir, the apple of my eye. She might even be drowned or something, and her fair hair floating dankly on the stream. How does that ghastly poem go? 'Take her up tenderly, Lift 'er with care; Fashioned so slenderly, Young, and so fair.' Polly!"

"I'm here, Uncle Giles," she called. "What *is* all the fuss about?"

"Old idiot," the voice continued, now modified by relief. "My wretched imagination, always seeing horrors. What are you up to, child?"

"I'm fishing," she said. "I caught a salmon."

"*Caught a salmon?* But didn't I tell you Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays were his?" Colonel McCracken appeared now at the fence. He stared down at his niece, monocle in eye. "Gel, come away at once. If that young hooligan should find you. Yes, he'd shoot to kill, just as his mad father, may his bones decay, tried once to murder me."

"He's here," she said. "And mad; but he hasn't shot so far. In fact, he gaffed my salmon for me."

The arch-enemy of all Crombies saw young Crombie now. He glared.

"Not your salmon," Michael Crombie said. "Mine. I'm going to eat a pound or two for

Continued on page 35

German workers digging for looted treasure at Goering's castle near Nuremberg. One German gold storehouse went 280 feet down

On the trail of Europe's stolen treasure

by HARRY J. GREENWALL

When Hitler plundered a continent of gold and jewels, he brought the Nazis fabulous wealth—and gave the Allies a job for years

Colonel Charles L. Dasher, United States Army, decorates Colonel John A. Watson (right) for war service in Africa. Colonel Watson now sees that Hitler's loot is returned to its rightful owners

On the evening of April 7, 1945, an American armoured regiment, part of General Patton's army then overrunning eastern Germany, arrived at the little town of Merkers in Thüringen. The German troops had withdrawn, and so had the civil authorities. Gas, electricity and telephones were cut off. As darkness fell, the Americans imposed a curfew, and sent out a few jeeps with German-speaking G.I.s to patrol the streets.

Suddenly the silhouette of a woman was seen running up the Hockstrasse. A jeep turned in its tracks and made off in pursuit. As it overtook her, two soldiers jumped off and confronted the woman.

"*Wer da?*"

"I'm going for the midwife. My neighbour is going to have a baby. I must hurry."

"Jump in. Show us where she lives, your midwife, and we'll take you there."

The woman did as she was told. Soon the midwife had been collected and taken to the neighbour's house. The jeep waited outside until the first cry of the new-born baby came through the spring night. Presently the midwife emerged. "Better get in here," said one of the waiting G.I.s. "We'll take you home, otherwise another patrol will pick you up."

Gratefully the midwife climbed into the jeep. As they neared her home, the G.I.s could hear her mumbling in German.

"What's that?" queried the driver.

"I said, 'It's over there.'"

"What's over there?"

"The gold."

"What gold?"

"The gold that's been hidden. Isn't that what you're here for?"

The G.I.s couldn't make head or tail of what the woman meant. But they reported the conversation and next morning a party returned to the spot. "Over there" turned out to be a salt mine. In the mine, about 280 feet below ground level, the Americans found a newly bricked-up wall, and behind it a huge steel door. When the Americans eventually stepped through it into the chamber beyond they found themselves among fabulous treasure.

Everywhere were piled up heaps of German paper money—million upon million of Reichsmarks. In an adjacent gallery were thousands of pictures and *objets d'art* which had been looted from many countries.

But it was when the searchers reached a third gallery that they came upon the most fabulous find of all: solid gold bars, later valued at 250 million dollars, stored in canvas sacks.

Like all other finds of gold in Germany at the end of the war, the treasure discovered at Merkers was eventually dropped into the lap of the Tripartite Commission for the Restitution of Monetary Gold, which has been sitting in Brussels since 1947. Its British, French and American members have had the task of trying to restore to the rightful owners all the gold looted by the Germans in Europe during the war. After ten years' work, about four-fifths of the gold has been handed back.

The man who, as Secretary-General of the Tripartite Commission, is responsible for most of its work is an Englishman, Colonel John A. Watson. Between the wars he lived in Paris, and his office was in the Faubourg Ste. Honoré, close to the British Embassy.

One day in 1940 Colonel Watson was looking miserably out of his window. The war had begun, and he had not been called back to the colours. A Captain Gielgud—a brother of John and Val Gielgud—then a military attaché at the British Embassy, recognized him and beckoned to him to come across to his office. Watson crossed the road in more senses than one.

Four days later, dressed in a somewhat fancy uniform manufactured in Paris, Colonel Watson joined Lord Gort's headquarters in Aubigny. He served in North Africa and other theatres of

The Germans raided private art collections. American soldiers discovered many cases full of valuable paintings in an Austrian castle near the Swiss frontier

American military police load lorries with gold, ready to be flown from Frankfurt to the safety of Bank of England vaults

war and, in 1947, a few days after his return to Britain, he was called to the Treasury and offered the post of Secretary-General of the Gold Commission. When he inquired timidly how long the job would be likely to last, he was told: "Six months or so."

He is still there.

Watson's work has been made easier by a further find among the gold and treasure in the Merkers salt mine: a full set of Reichbank gold records, with details of the gold the Germans had hidden away in neutral countries. With the help of these records some dramatic stories have been unravelled.

When King Peter of Yugoslavia was forced to flee from his country in 1941 to escape the swiftly advancing Wehrmacht and Gestapo, he had to leave behind in the monastery at Niksiç a great store of gold. At 5 a.m. on March 30, 1941, German forces reached Niksic, which lies in a wide valley in Montenegro surrounded by high mountains. A steep path cut into the almost perpendicular mountainside leads to the monastery, and the Germans swarmed up it.

They found a locked door, and when they began to produce hammers and crowbars the Prior handed over the key. Behind the door the Germans found a comfortably furnished room, and on the table the remains of a meal—the last meal King Peter had eaten before leaving his country. In an inner room they found the Patriarch of Yugoslavia, Monseignor Gavrilo, who had gone to the monastery to take leave of his king.

WHILE the Patriarch was putting on his official vestment, the Germans claimed to have found two pistols hidden in the room. They threatened to shoot the Patriarch for possessing concealed weapons, unless he revealed the treasure.

The Patriarch led them to a cellar dug out of the mountain. The entrance to it was guarded by an iron door. By the light of torches the Germans saw piles of boxes, which later were found to contain state documents. The Germans continued their search through a narrow dark passage, where there was a smell of smoked hams and meat. This proved to be the larder of the monastery, filled with sausages, hams, sacks of flour, sugar, coffee and other foodstuffs. But in this larder were also sacks made of strong untearable canvas, fastened with locks and chains. These were dragged up to the daylight.

On each sack was a small label on which was written: "Contents 25,000,000." A sack was opened, and a number of little packages fell out on to the courtyard. Each one contained a thousand notes, and each note was worth a thousand dinars—then about £2. Down in the larder were great chests, and when these were assembled and opened, all were found to be full of bars of gold.

King Peter had planned to fly the gold to Cairo, and thence to Britain. He managed to escape, but only in the nick of time. After the war the gold was retrieved and handed over to the present Yugoslav Government.

No gold was found in the French zone of Germany, and very little in the British zone. The bulk was discovered in the American zone, but some of it was run to earth in Austria.

At first, all gold as it was found was taken to Frankfurt in Western Germany and placed in the United States Foreign Exchange Depository there. But Frankfurt is very close to the Iron Curtain and later it was decided to transfer the gold to the vaults of the Bank of England in London. This gave rise to the biggest gold air lift in history.

Although about four-fifths of the stolen gold has been retrieved, the outstanding fifth has given rise to many stories and legends. About two years ago the Austrian police found the body of a man in the neighbourhood of Salzburg, at a place known locally as "the last fortress."

An American museum official examines priceless sixteenth-century Italian jewellery stolen by the Nazis from the Rothschild Collection, Paris

It was believed that in this neighbourhood Hitler's agents had buried treasure which would be dug up at some future time, and would be used for a last stand against the oncoming Allied troops The man had a bullet wound between the eyes, and not far from the body was a revolver.

After a short examination the Austrian police doctor decided that the man had committed suicide, but later the French authorities started an investigation. It was found that the dead man had been employed in a civilian capacity by the French Army, but he had been leading a strange double life in the months before his death. During the daytime he was engaged in "metal research," but this boiled down to the fact that he was looking for hidden gold. The night hours he passed in local night clubs, where he had been spending great sums of money, far more than he was earning. The French police concluded that he was engaged either entirely on his own behalf or, more likely, in association with other people, in looking for German gold.

They traced one of his associates, a handsome woman who made frequent trips between Salzburg and Vienna. The last journey she made to Vienna coincided with the finding of the body. One of the odd facts which emerged was that it was impossible for the fatal shot to have been fired from the gun found near the body.

Another story from the area of "the last fortress" concerns two young Germans who arrived in a mountain village saying that they were going climbing. They declined the services of a guide and set out alone. A fortnight later their bodies were found in a wood. One man had been stabbed to death, the other had his stomach slit open. Close to where the bodies were found was a trodden path leading to a number of deep holes, which were empty, but showed plainly that they had been the repository of crates or boxes of some sort.

Naturally such happenings give rise to legends. In the mountain villages many believe that there is a band of fanatics defending the Nazis' hidden gold.

The two Germans, runs the legend, had somehow obtained a map which showed where some of the gold was hidden. While searching for it they were surprised by the band. One of them swallowed the map just as the band was about to seize it, and they killed him and then cut him open to recover the map. Whatever the truth of this, most of the inhabitants of the area firmly believe that the murder of the two young Germans was another incident in the long quest for the remnants of Hitler's store of gold. THE END

Small girls often spend an hour among the miniature racks choosing outfits for dolls. One nine-year-old said to Mrs. Rawnsley, "... and none of those scratchy things I have to wear"

High fashion hits Toytown

by RENÉ LECLER

Today's pampered doll dons a fur coat in the morning and retires to bed in a glamorous nightgown

WHEN, a few years ago, the buyer from a big provincial store asked Conrad Rawnsley, a London manufacturer of dolls' clothes, for a new line in felt bootees with zip fasteners, Rawnsley optimistically set a delivery date for the goods. He had no trouble with the bootees, but he discovered that no manufacturer would be bothered to make zip fasteners in the three-quarters of an inch lengths which he needed.

Anxious to fulfil the contract, Rawnsley began to experiment himself. With a pair of dentist's pliers and a magnifying glass he painstakingly opened the small tongues of a zip fastener, cut the metal strip and added the sliding end-piece. He spent every evening for three weeks on this task while his wife sewed the zippers on to the bootees. The order was completed in time. Rawnsley says: "This was one of our first encounters with the fact that ours is not a doll's world. Things are just not made the right size."

A humorous, fifty-year-old ex-Royal Navy commander with a whimsical turn of mind, Rawnsley has learned a lot in recent years about little girls' tastes, the often strange anatomy of dolls and the difficulties of making garments in lilliputian sizes. He was looking for a job six years ago when his wife Elsin told him of her difficulty in finding suitable clothes, and especially footwear, for the dolls of their two young daughters, Amanda and Jane. She showed him two pairs of inch-long felt slippers which she had had to make herself. Fired by the idea, Rawnsley approached the buyer of a famous London store the next morning with an offer to supply him with dolls' slippers. The man looked at the samples and said: "Yes, they are not bad. But what about other sizes?"

At home, Rawnsley and his wife measured their daughters' dolls and then set to making the slippers on their sewing machine. A week later, carrying a gross of them in an old soap box, Rawnsley made his first sale. "That," he recalls, "paid for our Christmas dinner." By linking the names of his two daughters he founded the firm of Amanda Jane Ltd., and went into business.

Though dolls' clothes have been available in Britain for many years, Rawnsley and his wife embarked on the complicated business of making entire collections. Today they employ two hundred cutters, seamstresses, milliners and fashion designers; they have one thousand items in their catalogue and have recently sold their ten millionth doll size article—a toilet set consisting of a sponge in a plastic bag.

"The beginnings were awful," says Rawnsley. "I was so green that I used to walk into stores through the front door and talk to an assistant to make a sale. Often we lost sight of one of the cardinal points of this business: the fact that little girls want to imitate their elders."

When duffel coats became popular among young people in Britain, Rawnsley bought an adult size coat and spent several days scaling down the design to fit twelve- and fourteen-inch dolls. Though the adult coat was in plain oatmeal colour, Rawnsley reproduced it in green, red and white to make it more attractive. The coat failed to sell. He was present in a store a few months later when he overheard a little girl refusing to buy the coat saying: "Who's ever heard of a green duffel coat? They are all beige." Rawnsley went home and ordered production of beige duffel coats which are now one of his best-selling lines.

To introduce glamour into a new range of dolls' clothes Rawnsley once designed a daring taffeta evening dress with an off-the-shoulder neckline. It failed to impress his young customers. "Common sense should have told me the reason," he says. "Little girls are usually kept upstairs during cocktail parties. They see no point in dressing-up in that way."

Among the Rawnsleys' first customers were two north of England buyers who reached the Rawnsleys' West End flat-cum-workshop one day to find Rawnsley in bed with 'flu. He sat up, pulled sample boxes from under the bed and began talking business. Now the firm has spread to three floors of the house and the family has moved. "At least," says Rawnsley, "I can now afford to have my 'flu at home."

ONE of the Rawnsleys' first troubles was sizing. They discovered that few dolls are similar in build and that none could be dressed in the same way as a human being—from the head down. Often dolls' arms could not be moved upwards. Side openings were useless. In the end Mrs. Rawnsley designed a dress which could be put on from the feet up.

"Most English dolls," she says, "have the figure of a tubby six-year-old girl. The head is large and quite out of proportion, the tummy fat, the legs too long and the feet too big. Usually there is no waistline and you can't hang a fashion line on that sort of shape. You've got to keep it simple and as pretty as possible."

She now designs dolls' clothes in two fittings: "tubby" and slender, and nine sizes. Since little girls like to buy for their dolls almost every article worn or used by their mothers, the Rawnsleys are never short of ideas. They now make nylon petticoats, bathing suits and wraps, twin sets, skirts, coats, rainwear, handbags and many kinds of shoes. But they are limited by the lack of suitable materials. A good

Conrad Rawnsley and his wife, Elsin, check the day's work in the order department. Six years ago they started making dolls' clothing at home. Now two hundred employees work for them

Toys normally carry thirty per cent purchase tax but these clothes pegs are tax free—because they work

deal of time is spent searching for materials with small patterns. "Unfortunately," says Elsin Rawnsley, "grown-up fashions in cottons and rayons this year called for large designs. And fashions change so quickly that, frequently, when we find a small pattern and go back to the manufacturer for more he has discontinued it." Often she falls back on piece goods designed for other purposes, and now uses lampshade trimmings for finishing dresses.

One of Rawnsley's greatest difficulties was to find wooden toggles for the dolls' duffel coats. The toggles had to be half an inch long and no manufacturer had the machinery to make them that size. After several months' search Rawnsley finally located a woodworker in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, who was able to meet his demand.

"In most cases manufacturers think that we are slightly crazy when we ask for such miniatures and they just won't be bothered." On the principle that while most little girls don't like school they like to inflict it on their dolls, Rawnsley started assembling a scholastic set with canvas satchel, compass, pencils, exercise books, rulers, setsquares, pens and indiarubbers.

He felt that every article should work and yet be the right scale; the pencil had to be an inch and a half long. He visited more than thirty manufacturers in six months to find a few willing to help.

A man of fertile imagination, Rawnsley has followed up with "Queen Amanda" postage stamps, stationery, terry towels for the dolls' bath, cakes of soap the size of a half-crown, straw hats, coat-hangers and dressing-gowns.

But there are still many articles which he has so far failed to reproduce doll size—including nylon stockings. Parasols that stay open permanently are easy but the mass-production of a working umbrella with all the parts to scale is not yet an economical proposition.

Though most of the dresses Rawnsley sells are well under 10s. each—his most expensive article is an imitation astrakhan fur coat at 27s. 6d.—price has often been an important consideration in the past. "People don't realize that the smaller the article the more expensive it is likely to be," he says.

Rawnsley's dolls' clothes are now sold in most of Britain's toyshops. Some stores have Amanda Jane shops or boutiques where a girl can buy "budget" dresses displayed on miniature dress racks. He says: "Little girls are usually most attracted by red garments and red is now the predominant colour in the supplies to our retailers."

He has found that girls were most pleased by shining materials like taffeta and satin and that, as a general rule, girls from the poorer families have the bigger dolls.

Elsin Rawnsley was serving behind a West End store counter once when a girl of nine approached her to buy underwear for her doll. She told Mrs. Rawnsley the size and colour she desired and ended up with: "And none of those scratchy things I have to wear." Another young customer spent an hour discussing her doll's wardrobe. In refusing one item she said: "I don't think this would be suitable for her. It's a bit too grown up, don't you think?" Says Mrs. Rawnsley: "We like to think that in a way our little clothes help the child to develop her own taste."

THE Rawnsleys now sell twenty per cent of their output in export markets and send dolls' clothes as far as Peru and India. When a famous New York store recently asked them to design "the new season's fashion for dolls," Rawnsley asked for one doll. It turned out to be the figure of a teenager with nipped in waist and a bosom and standing on tip toes in high heel shoes. He says: "We designed an entirely new range to fit this grown-up doll. It included nylon panties and brassière, sophisticated nightdresses and cocktail wear. We got the order." But when the same customer asked for a doll's mink coat, Rawnsley had to turn him down. It would have cost £100.

Rawnsley is rarely at a loss for inspiration. With his wife to help with designs, he works long hours both in the London workshop and at the handsome flat the family now occupy in Kensington. He likes sketching and sailing, but the fascination of reproducing goods in lilliputian sizes leaves him little time for hobbies.

He is always amused by the strange uses to which people put his goods. Twice a year, one well-known television actress visits him to buy two pairs of doll's rubber boots for her miniature poodle. He says: "The animal can be seen trotting about Chelsea on wet mornings wearing the things. I wish he'd wear them out a bit quicker."

When one man asked the Rawnsleys to make an angora cardigan which would fit his pet griffon they readily obliged but made sure that it fitted dolls as well. A few months ago they were surprised by the large demand for this article in a Midlands town. They inquired and discovered that their customer was a woman breeding bush babies.

Last year one mother wrote to Rawnsley from the north of England for the largest size he had in dolls' dressing-gowns and felt slippers. When he found that she needed the articles for a premature baby he let her have them for nothing. THE END

It took Rawnsley three months to find a way to make usable hot water bottles

Bootees for dolls were once a problem. Nobody produced zip fasteners less than one inch long

Greek Fire

by ***WINSTON GRAHAM***

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Beyond the door lay the body. And Vanbrugh knew that now he would be the only suspect

SOME old letters and a party card—that was all there was in the packet that came from Spain. But already one man had been murdered because of them. A woman had been beaten up. And Peter Vanbrugh was in terrible danger.

For these papers were valuable—and dangerous. They showed that George Lascou, the brilliant financier whose political party, E.M.O., would play a vital rôle in the coming Greek elections, had been a card-carrying Communist.

Juan Tolosa, a Spanish dancer, had gained possession of the papers. He had come to Athens to sell them, and died, driven down in the street by E.M.O. thugs. Then they had stolen the documents from his wife, Maria.

Vanbrugh was out to get them back. His affairs were desperately complicated. He had

Vanbrugh saw a dagger glinting in the woman's hand. "Maria!" he shouted, starting up. Lascou heard the movement and his gun wavered as he turned

met the lovely Anya Stonaris, friend of George Lascou himself—and fallen in love. But Anya had told him she could never see him again. And the police were after him. Influential people were trying to frame him with the death of Juan Tolosa. . . .

Now Vanbrugh was in Lascou's flat, hidden behind the study door. A few paces away, in the great salon, Lascou was examining the stolen papers. Vanbrugh heard the clink of a glass. The French clock in the salon began to strike nine.

When it had finished, Vanbrugh moved. As he did so, he touched the door and it gave a loud creak. That finished it. He stepped into the salon.

PART THREE

An Intruder At The Interview

GEORGE LASCOU was rising from a chair to face Vanbrugh. In the empty fireplace ashes smouldered, and on a small occasional table were some faded letters, a waterproof wallet and a glass of marc. Lascou had one hand in his pocket.

He withdrew it holding the smallest gun Vanbrugh had ever seen. It was about the size of a cigarette case.

Vanbrugh said: "I think your doors need oiling."

Lascou's surprise drew at the corners of his mouth and eyes: the years of comfort and good living had slipped away, and he looked hungry and alert.

Vanbrugh said: "I came about those letters."

"How did you get in?"

"Through the window."

Another clock was striking nine. The little crow's feet on Lascou's face softened and smoothed themselves out; he sat back in his chair.

"What are you doing here?"

"I told you. I came about those letters."

"What letters?"

"The ones you wrote years ago to Anton Avra."

"These?" said George, pointing with his revolver to the faded papers on the table. "I was just reading them as I destroyed them. I didn't write badly in those days."

"They've caused a lot of trouble."

"The letters? Yes. None that I looked for, I assure you, Vanbrugh."

"You should teach your subordinates not to keep such dangerous evidence."

"He wasn't my subordinate," Lascou said. "He was my brother."

Vanbrugh came slowly forward. "That's something I didn't know." He stopped. "D'you mind if I sit down?"

"I was going to suggest it."

Vanbrugh took a corner of a seat about ten feet from the Greek. The table was between them. They stared at each other.

"Which was the right name, yours or his?"

"Avra means nothing. Many Communists have pseudonyms. . . . Anton was fifteen years older, was trained and indoctrinated in Russia. Mine was a local culture."

"Which differed from the party line?"

"A little."

"Was that why Avra kept the letters?"

"For him they became the big stick which would keep me faithful. Seriously, how did you get in here?"

"Through the windows. I've told you."

Lascou shrugged. "You can read these letters if you want, but of course I shall burn them in a few minutes."

"Well, you might as well put your gun away. You wouldn't use it in here."

"I wouldn't *wish* to."

"Mind if I smoke?"

"Get one from the table, not out of your pocket."

Vanbrugh did as he was told. He offered one to Lascou but the Greek shook his head. They were still studying each other.

Lascou said: "I wish you'd be honest with me. What do you want out of all this? Is it just money?"

"No."

"Then what?"

Vanbrugh said: "You pretend to hope for some sort of a majority at this election, but you know the only way it could happen would be if you came to power with the help of the ten or more splinter parties you're at present tied up with. That would be like driving a car with ten men holding the wheel. So either way, win or lose at the election, you need General Telemachos and the army."

"Telemachos is right wing, Vanbrugh. If you knew the slightest thing about him——"

"I know that he owes the Bank of Greece a million drachmae and that you're guaranteeing the loan. Not that Telemachos, even to save his wife and family, would co-operate with a Communist. But I think it will persuade him to play along with a man he doesn't trust."

Lascou said: "And in what way do you suppose he is going to co-operate with me?"

"A *coup d'état* after the elections. Then, when you and Telemachos are firmly settled in, there'll be a gradual shifting of power. Telemachos will be squeezed out, and the right centre group will edge farther and farther left."

Vanbrugh stopped. During his last words he thought he had caught a glimpse of something moving, reflected in the polished wood of a table halfway down the room.

Lascou had not spoken. He had only moved once, to sip his glass of marc.

Vanbrugh said: "Were you ever a true Communist? I don't reconcile it. It seems to me that you covet power for its own sake."

"I covet power for the use I can make of it, as any honest man does."

Vanbrugh said: "How many will die in the *coup*? And how many before and after? Tolosa was one. Am I next? And then, when he's served his purpose, General Telemachos?"

Something moved again in the reflection of the table. Perhaps it was Lascou's man, summoned by the pressing of a secret bell.

Vanbrugh said: "I've no particular creed. But you forget I was here in nineteen forty-four and forty-five. That's why I've come back now. I've seen Communism at work." He stopped and said quietly: "You asked me what I wanted out of all this. That's what I want. Just to stop that ever happening in Greece again."

"Does it occur to you that that is my aim too?"

"You go a queer way——"

"I'm swimming with the stream. Face up to the facts, Vanbrugh; look at the truth. The present Greek state is a house of cards, kept in being by money from the West. It can't go on for ever. When the money stops, Greece will slip into its proper place in the new pattern of the Balkans, which is a Communist pattern. The *only* way to save it from what happened farther east is to give it its own native Communism, well established and rooted in its own ancient traditions. Only a man like myself can see how to wed the individualism of the Greek with the collectiveness of the modern state."

It was a hand and it had moved for a moment round the base of a Hermes statue.

Vanbrugh said: "You're being frank tonight."

"With a reason."

"Oh, I'm sure of that."

Lascou picked up one of the letters, crumpled it into a ball and flicked it into the fireplace. "That's where they're all going; but now that you're here, now that you've given yourself up of your own free will, I want to tell you *my* point of view. . . ."

In a mirror Vanbrugh saw a woman move behind the statue, a peasant woman in a black, shapeless dress and with a black cloth covering

Vanbrugh had almost reached the cellar when somebody caught his arm. "Don't go in," the man said. "The police are there"

her head. But you could not mistake her build or her eyes. It was Maria Tolosa.

". . . You presume to think that you're the only patriot," Lascou was saying. "You protest you love Greece. Well, so do I; I want to serve her too, and who's to say which of us knows best? Stop me now, and you lay up a far worse fate for Greece in the future."

"I can't stop you, it seems."

"Happily not."

Maria Tolosa had moved, was about as far from the Greek as Lascou was from Vanbrugh. Something glinted in the light. Vanbrugh's eyes, caught in a sort of magnetic field, could not stay on the Greek.

On his last visit to Lascou's flat he had seen and admired the thing Maria held. The blade was of bronze, very ancient, with a lion hunt inlaid on it.

He fumbled with words. "N—now that I've —that I've failed—what d'you propose to do about it?"

"It must all wait until after the election—even later than that. There's no other way I can shut your mouth——"

"Drop it!" Vanbrugh said, the words spilling now, as if he had swallowed too many. "You —won't get anywhere. . . . Revenge isn't. . . . Maria! Understand, you——"

"Sit down," George said. "If this is——"

"Maria!" shouted Vanbrugh, starting up.

Lascou didn't shoot him because he heard the movement behind him and half got up as the knife slid in. The small gun wavered away from Vanbrugh as the trigger finger slipped out of

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In Oakfield Road, Manchester, scene of one of his paintings, Lowry makes notes for another

Now seventy, Lowry puts the finishing touches to a picture in his Mottram studio. Fame came late: nobody wanted his paintings until a shrewd art agent "discovered" him in 1939

There is humanity, rich humanity, in the work-worn streets at the throbbing heart of Britain, and there . . .

L. S. Lowry sees beauty through the smoke

by HARRY HOPKINS

STEPPING round the prams, avoiding the children playing in the gutter, a tall gaunt figure in an old raincoat strides through the mean streets of Ancoats, Manchester. He has stubbly grey hair and a great prow of a nose and, stick firmly gripped in his right hand, he moves rapidly with a strange loose-limbed gait as if his legs were seeking to rush off in opposite directions.

Suddenly he stops and gazes at a derelict Gothic church, velvet black with its encrustations of grime. Beside it a row of low brick cottages crumbles beneath a towering mill chimney.

The man turns to his companion: "Just look there! It's lovely, you know. It's lovely." He takes an old envelope from his pocket and begins to sketch with quick strokes on the back of it. It is L. S. Lowry, painter-poet of industrial Lancashire, returning, as he has returned for the last forty years, to renew his inspiration at its source.

Vision thus refreshed, back in the small back-room of his stone house at Mottram, ten miles away, he works on his canvas again—giving rich life and meaning to drab Lancashire streets where others can see only sordidness and emptiness.

Half-finished "Lowries" lie stacked against the walls of the little room: the sombre church spires, the domineering mill chimneys, the hazy light on the canals, the scurrying little men and women, the active, spindle-legged Lowry dogs. One of the big "vista" canvases captures the eye. Against a background of smoking mill chimneys, drunken telegraph poles and a vast chaos of mill ponds, mean streets, dark church spires and subsiding ground, three orators are holding forth on a cindery open space. Two are surrounded by large crowds. The third is all alone on his soap-box. At his feet stands a billboard: "The Controversialist."

Today these large Lowry vistas—canvases five feet wide—sell for five hundred guineas; in terms of income from his work, Lowry is said to rank among the first half dozen British painters, excluding the fashionable portraitists.

His work is eagerly sought after even by southerners who know little of the grim Lancashire scene he depicts. In an extraordinary fashion, Lowry's vision of his native scene has imposed itself upon all. When the Salford Art Gallery invited entries for an exhibition, "The Lancashire Scene," one local painter, Frank Bradley, commented: "How can one send in an industrial scene? They'll say either that it's imitation Lowry, or that it isn't as good as Lowry."

This situation was not, however, achieved overnight. Behind the triumph of this man's unique and powerful vision lies one of the most remarkable stories of dogged persistence, or single-minded overmastering inner purpose, in the history of British art.

Lowry, the son of an estate agent in a small way of business in Manchester and Salford, was born at Old Trafford in 1887.

"Did you want to be an artist as a boy?" one asks him.

"No—no, I never really wanted to be anything." It is a characteristic reply.

Nevertheless, Laurence Lowry went to art school, both in Manchester and, later, in Salford, working away at the routine exercises of the aspirant. From his classroom window at the Royal Technical College, Salford, he looked out over a great Lancashire vista of mill chimneys, rank grass and industrial devastation. But his attention was concentrated inside, drawing classical casts, painting still-lifes of apples, sketching at life class.

The Salford Art Gallery cherishes accurate head and figure studies from this period. These the director, Mr. A. Frape—championing Salford's "only great artist"—likes to point out, give the lie to those who have alleged that Lowry's strange, club-footed little men and women owe their unique appearance to the fact that the artist can't draw.

"But I was a shocking student, you know," says Lowry. "I never passed an examination in my life. I just went along when I wanted. You couldn't do that today. . . ."

At Manchester, Lowry had come under the influence of a French teacher, an Impressionist from Paris. Now, in 1916, a gaunt and solitary

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A KIND OF COURAGE

by JOHN HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Barrington had all youth's contempt for cowardice, even against an armed maniac. So the older man hid his fear—and relied upon his cunning

"Now!" shouted Barrington, breaking cover. Then he spun round, a hand clapped to his shoulder

It was chilly as they left the car and approached the little cemetery. The palms and the bush threw shadows into bunched black groups and the great century-old gravestones were like chips of darkness in the moonlight. Hilton considered it a most suitable place to meet a dangerous man with a gun. Nice and handy, he thought grimly, his lined, sun-beaten face taut below his broad-brimmed bush hat.

Barrington walked in front, as befitted a young, vigorous man and a certificated mining official in the company of a shopkeeper. Hilton walked more cautiously, because he was lame and a little older and, being older, more careful with his life. There was a man in the cemetery who had already shot down two people, and Hilton had no desire to make a third.

Barrington seemed to be enjoying the whole affair, almost as though they were a couple of boys on a ratting expedition; as though the black labourers they had left behind them beating the bush along the railway track with staves were the terriers driving the quarry into the open.

Hilton felt a touch of sharp anger against his companion, mixed with a certain amount of envy for his youth—even, perhaps, for the casual indifference which had prevented him from noticing the unrest among his African workmen. For the man in front of them in the cemetery was one of Barrington's own drivers—a stupid, hot-headed Temne from up-bush whom he ought to have got rid of as soon as possible; a narrow-eyed man capable of bearing grudges and building up a tower of hatred that had eventually collapsed on Barrington's foreman.

The foreman now lay badly wounded back at the mine, together with one of the village women who had been unfortunate enough to get in the way, hit by a bullet from Barrington's own rifle, which the Temne had snatched up before anyone could stop him. Barrington had carelessly left both his rifle and several clips of ammunition in the office.

Absorbed with this thought, Hilton didn't notice Barrington stop and bumped into him from behind. Barrington turned and stared at him, coolly, almost as though it were an irritation to have to put up with the caution of an older man, a mere store-owner dragged out simply because he knew the lie of the land.

"He must be in here," Barrington said, indicating the cemetery. As he turned, the light caught his face; a bold young face that held a touch of intolerance for the prudence of others.

"You're not going in there after him?"

Barrington stared down at Hilton's stooping figure. "*You* needn't if you don't want to."

"Don't be damn silly." Hilton found himself resenting the younger man's condescension. "It's just that I can't see why you don't leave it to the police. It's their pigeon, not ours."

"They'll be ages yet, and we know he's in there. He can't get out without being spotted."

"Then, for God's sake, why not wait?"

From the silence Hilton knew quite well that

Barrington thought he was afraid. And Hilton admitted to himself that he was, a little. He had experienced the pain of wounds already once in his life and still had a twisted knee to show for it. Sixteen years back it had been—in the desert battles round Sidi Rezegh—but it was still vivid enough in his memory to slow him down and take the fire out of him at a time like this. The shock and the pain of a bullet's impact finished for ever a man's indifference to danger.

But it wasn't entirely fear of being hurt himself that made Hilton hesitate. He felt that, after twenty years, he had enough experience of Africa to look after himself. After eighteen months, he didn't think Barrington had.

"I'm going in." Barrington's words interrupted his thoughts. "I'm going to flush him out. You can do as you please."

The words increased Hilton's irritated sense of being included in a sort of jolly hunt. "I'll come with you," he said heavily. "You seem to need someone to look after you."

"What do you mean?"

Barrington turned on him with the brisk indignation of injured pride, and Hilton shrugged. "Nothing," he said, trying to keep the peace. "Nothing at all. Only for God's sake let's stick together. He's a big man. If we stumbled on him in the dark, it would be better to be together than alone."

Barrington seemed to see the sense in Hilton's words. "Okay," he said. "Ready?"

The ancient gate of the cemetery, erected a hundred years before and neglected and allowed to rust in the torrential downpours of the West African rainy season, groaned as Barrington swung it back. The sound burst across the night, drowning the noise of the crickets like an explosion.

Inside, the two men kept to the shadows of the bush, moving round the crumbling wall that circled the cemetery, built to keep out marauders who no longer existed, and now overgrown by grass in which massive yellow cannas, hibiscus, white spider lilies and irises rioted, forgotten and sprawling into confusion.

Then they came to a patch where the trees parted and they could see the silver sky, and they knew that, if they were to traverse the stretch of moonlight without being seen, they would have to do it quickly.

"Come on," Barrington said. "Let's go."

Hilton seemed to pull his head into his shoulders like a turtle withdrawing inside its shell, and as Barrington darted forward he dived after him, running for the next patch of shadow.

It was only from the corner of his eye that he caught the flash of flame from beyond the graves. He heard the crash of the shot and the whine of a bullet flying over his head and into the trees. Panting heavily and badly scared, he almost fell on top of Barrington behind one of the massive gravestones.

Barrington said confidently: "Did you see the flash? I've got him now."

"He almost got me," Hilton snapped, pulling himself to a sitting position.

Barrington didn't reply. He was single-mindedly absorbed in lifting his head without being seen. Only he *was* seen. The flash lit up the shadows again as the bullet smashed into the trees behind them. They heard twigs falling in the silence that followed.

"We've got him pinned down," Barrington said, exultantly.

"In case you've not noticed yet," Hilton replied dryly, "he seems to have got us pinned down, too."

Barrington turned towards him, indifferent in his excitement to their own position. "Don't worry about that. He couldn't hit a haystack. No native can."

"*He* can. He's hit two people tonight already."

"He couldn't miss at that range."

"This isn't such a lot farther," Hilton said. He added: "What do you propose to do now?"

Barrington said quickly: "Rush him. If we wait till he fires, we can be on him before he can work the bolt and fire again. He's got a rifle, remember, and he's not used to it. We've got something that's shorter and works faster." He flourished the revolver he held. "He'll drop everything and run when he sees us coming."

THE sight of Barrington's gun reminded Hilton that he, too, had brought a revolver, an old weapon that spent most of its time in his safe and only came out for emergencies.

"I don't know about you," he said slowly as he stared at it. "But I couldn't hit a house-side with one of these things. Can you?"

"I'm not bad," Barrington said. "Look, to make it safer, how about waiting till he's emptied the rifle?"

"How do you know he won't push another clip in?"

Barrington seemed impatient and anxious to get on with the job. "He wouldn't know how. They never do."

"I wouldn't be too sure. They learn fast these days."

Barrington grunted. He had taken off his hat and was pushing it over the edge of the gravestone on the barrel of his revolver. The crash of the shot from the shadows and the whine as the bullet hit the wall and spun away into the trees made him withdraw it quickly.

"Five," he said, grinning. "That's five he's fired. And what a rotten shot!"

Hilton found he was beginning to hate the boy, not only for his damned cheerful indifference but also for his courage. But Barrington didn't notice this growing resentment. "One left," he pointed out. "Ready?"

"Look," Hilton said quickly. "Do we have to do it this way?"

"It's as good a way as any I know."

"I still think we should wait for the police. I sent off a runner for them."

Barrington looked round quickly and Hilton realized he didn't want to wait. His courage was the hot-blooded kind that made a man do foolish things on the spur of the moment and get a medal. It was not the cold-blooded resolution that would let him sit down in the dark, knowing there'd be no reward and not many thanks, and wait and wait—through all the little noises of the night, through all the stirrings of the prowling bush cat and the snake and the owl, and the little stresses of fear that had to be beaten down.

"I've got him pin-pointed," Barrington said eagerly. "We could be on him before he could do anything about it."

"I still think it's damn silly."

"Scared?"

The word was a jest rather than a sneer, but Hilton would have liked to have smashed his gun into the boy's face. But he thrust away his anger and tried to reason again.

"Your people are bound to come up when they hear the shooting," he said.

"Not they. I told them to search the railway, so they'll search it. They won't come near any firing. You know what clots they are."

As Barrington brushed aside his protest once more, Hilton saw that he was quivering with

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He plotted vengeance—and sent couriers of destruction into vanquished France from . . .

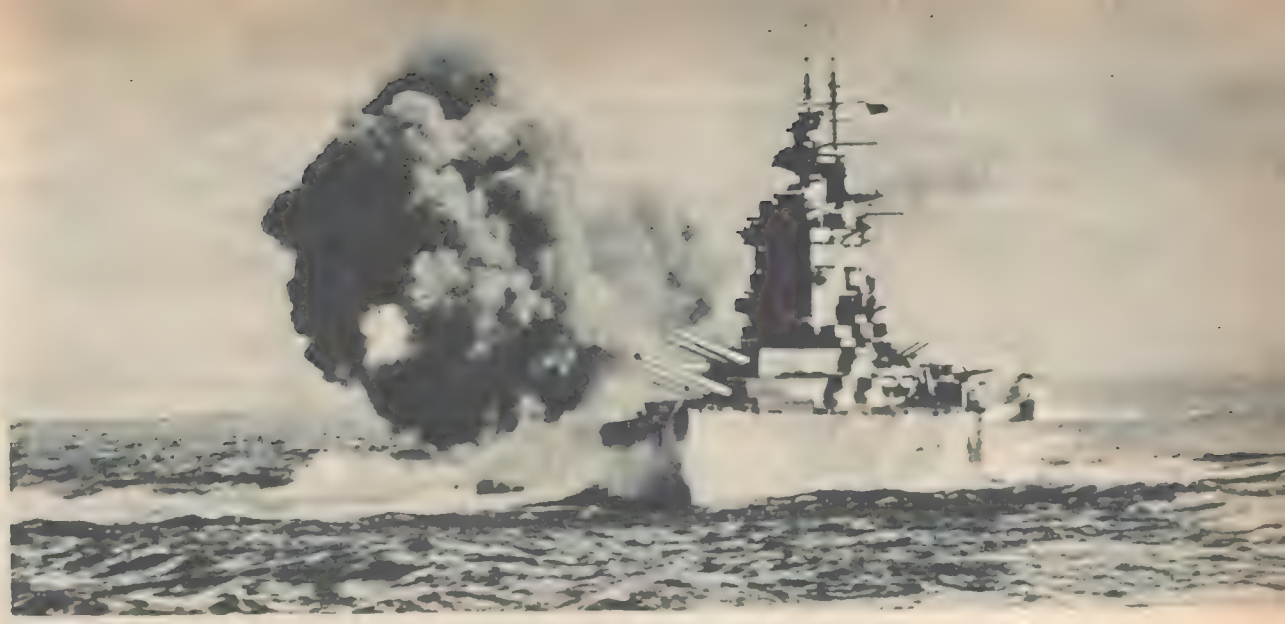
THE OFFICE OF SECRET WAR

Colonel Maurice Buckmaster's own story

Colonel Maurice Buckmaster, O.B.E.

IT was an ordinary sort of office from the outside . . . just another building in drab, wartime London. But inside it was different, for this was a nerve-centre of defiance and destruction. Here, Maurice Buckmaster and his staff of the French section of the Special Operations Executive drew up plans to fulfil their part of a momentous brief: "Set Europe ablaze. . . ." Into defeated France went brave bands of British agents—to fight a desperate war from the inside. Their dramatic story of secret daring in the face of a ruthless enemy begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



When a sixteen-inch gun is fired, the equivalent of an acre's sugar production goes up in smoke. Most of the world's sugar is eaten—some of it (left) as candy floss

Hard labour for a sweet friend

Life is drudgery for sugar. Once it just fed us—now it has ten thousand jobs to do

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

SCIENTISTS in an Essex laboratory are producing a new kind of detergent. Its basic ingredient is sugar. Detergent made from sugar is the first major step towards a new chemical era. Most of the present range of detergents, plastics and synthetic materials come from chemicals derived from oil. But in the near future these will be faced with competition from chemicals based on sugar.

The Sugar Research Foundation, which is supported by refiners and growers in several countries, including Britain, developed the new detergent. They believe that it may double the current demand for sugar, which is now satisfied by a world production of 36 million tons a year.

To make this detergent, sugar is combined with fatty acids. It is claimed that these raw materials are about twenty-five per cent cheaper than the chemicals produced by the oil industry. The sugar detergent is tasteless. This eliminates the toothpaste manufacturers' problem of masking the flavour of the soap now used in their product.

Sugar-based soapless bath tablets will end unsightly rings left by soap scum around the bathtub. Shampoos and cosmetics, as well as industrial detergents, are also among the products being tested.

Although most sugar is consumed as a foodstuff, scientists are discovering that it has many more by-products and derivatives. There are now more than ten thousand products or processes using sugar and, in one form or another, it finds its way into hair tonic, shoe polish, leather tanning, mirror silvering, adhesives and explosives. Every time a sixteen-inch gun is fired, the equivalent of an acre's production of sugar explodes.

Sugar products make their most important contribution to industry in the form of alcohol. This is made from molasses by a modern application of the old process in which yeast converts sugar into alcohol. Ethyl alcohol, made from molasses, is a versatile solvent and a basic raw material for certain types of plastics and for synthetic rubber.

Another derivative of sugar is allyl sucrose, a varnish-type coating that protects table tops against marks from steaming kettles. Sugar cane is the source of a chemical substance called furfural, which is now being used to make certain types of nylon.

For centuries sugar mill owners have been bothered by a jelly-like scum that forms in the juices during grinding operations, plugging filters and preventing crystallization. Chemists began a study of this gel a few years ago and developed dextran, a product that can be used as a substitute for plasma in blood transfusion.

The remaining fibre, after the sugar cane is crushed, is called bagasse. In the past its only use has been as fuel and paper. Science found it to be an ideal raw material for the manufacture of insulating board. This product is so successful that sugar cane is now grown in Florida specifically for the production of insulating board, and the sugar itself is regarded as a by-product.

In Trinidad, a £5 million mill is under construction. Next year it will turn out one hundred tons of pulp and paper made from bagasse a day.

Scientists have also fed sugar to other plants. Coffee bushes, given a sugar diet, developed several degrees of extra resistance to frost. Peas, tomatoes and lettuce were given sugar under winter growing conditions and it acted as a substitute for sunlight. Plants, of course, manufacture their own sugar, and while man learned four years ago to make sugar in a test tube, the synthetic product cannot compete with nature.

Leaves trap and store the sun's energy to manufacture sugar. The green colouring matter (chlorophyll) unites water (H_2O) from the roots and carbon dioxide (CO_2) from the air. The result is the combination of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen ($C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$) known as sugar.

The plant uses this sugar to produce new leaves, oils and fragrance. The most efficient producers of all the green-leaved plants are cane and beet, and they supply most of the sugar that is eaten. Nature makes the sugar; man extracts it and refines it in a series of processes ending in a food that is 99.9 per cent pure.

One acre of sugar cane yields eight million calories or about enough to support eight men for a year. It takes seven acres of wheat to produce an equal amount of calories.

In Britain about one quarter of the sugar consumed comes from home-grown sugar beet. An average beet weighs just under a pound and a half, of which one-sixth is sugar. About 45,000 British farms grow 4,500,000 tons of beet a year. This yields 630,000 tons of white sugar, 300,000 tons of dried sugar-beet pulp for animal feed, 175,000 tons of molasses and three to four million tons of leaves and crowns for feed or fertilizer.

MOST imported sugar comes from cane and reaches Britain in the form of raw sugar. This is unloaded by huge cranes lifting 250 to three hundred tons an hour. Modern refineries are able to handle it at a rate of one hundred tons an hour.

Refined sugar may be in the form of cube, granulated or caster sugar. An equal weight of each type has the same amount of sweetness—but caster and icing sugar appear to be sweeter because their particles are smaller and they dissolve faster.

Sweetness is detected by taste buds on the tongue. When sugar is used as syrup to preserve fruit, it has an additional effect of increasing flavour.

The body assimilates more than half the material it needs for efficient maintenance in the form of sugar. With the discovery of new industrial uses for this foodstuff, science is catching up with nature, where sugar is used not only to make plants grow but also as the basis for processes in coal and oil production. THE END

The other cheek

A vicious robbery brought them together. No
as if the thief would steal their new-foun

SINCE it was clouding over for rain, Arthur Fenton, limping slightly from his old war wound as he always did when the weather was damp, stumped outside his shop to draw the canvas cover over the sixpenny second-hand shelf.

He paused to take out a cigarette, glancing along the small alleyway of shops, so close to the centre of the city and yet such a backwater. First, Bill Simpson's tobacco kiosk on the corner where the main-street traffic flowed by. Then the florist's. Then Marchetti's rather grimy café. Then his own bookshop, and a few more shops beyond, until the alleyway debouched on to the other main street.

As he got out his matches, he saw Connie Grey emerge from the flower shop with a bag on her arm and lock the door behind her. Ah, of course—Friday morning. She was off with the takings to the bank round the corner. He paused, cigarette in hand, gazing rather dreamily after her; slight figure, dark hair cut short above her neck, giving her face a serene look.

Arthur sighed. Although she had been managing the florist's now for six months or so, and as neighbouring shopkeepers they naturally knew each other, it was only a rather formal, nodding, polite acquaintance. Sometimes Arthur wished it could be more. But he was not the sort to put himself forward. Besides, what would a smart, attractive girl like that want with a battered, rather morose widower, set in his ways, and with only, for a living, this shabby little bookshop that scarcely paid him bread and cheese?

All the same, whenever he saw Connie Grey, he lingered to gaze after her for a little while, as now. . . .

What happened then was quick. A man walking by suddenly snatched the bag from Connie's arm. Arthur saw her stumble back against her shop door, then realized that the man was running towards him.

Arthur instinctively jumped for him, felt a blow at his chest, grasped at a jacket, shoved his foot forward and, more by luck, sent the man sprawling, the bag scuttling across the pavement. As the man started to scramble up, Arthur dropped on him, clutching at his wrist, pinning him by weight, struggling.

He heard shouts around him. The man wrenched his arm free, struck and missed, tried to kick. Arthur, feeling exultant, grabbed the arm again, crooked a leg round a jerking leg, pressed down hard. He saw a face twisted at him, fear in the eyes.

The man was panting, grunting. Man? He was little more than a boy. Arthur held on grimly, tightening his grip. The boy was not very strong and suddenly subsiding, lay still in the road.

Now Arthur could look at the crowd around them, could see that Connie Grey was clutching at the reclaimed bag, that two men were starting forward to help, and that a policeman was running up.

"All right," ordered the policeman, "get up."

Arthur released his grip on the boy. The policeman took him, hauled him to his feet, held him expertly with an arm twisted behind his back. There were explanations, congratulations.

"Thank you, Mr. Fenton, that was wonderful," said Connie Grey.

Arthur was looking at the boy. Just an ordinary lad he seemed, not defiant, but dull, almost as though he were bored.

"Nice work, Arthur," said old Bill Simpson, from whom he bought his cigarettes. Marchetti, from the café, was beaming greasily.

They all wanted to talk about it, except the boy. He said nothing. He stood there, thought Arthur, like an enemy from another country, and he had a quick memory of the surrendered Huns streaming back from Cape Bon towards the Tunis road. A different species they looked, inferior, you felt; but of course they weren't.

A police car arrived to take the boy off. There were more policemen, more explanations, note-taking.

"Afraid you'll have to attend the court tomorrow morning, sir," said one constable. "And you, miss."

"Ah well," said Arthur, "it's Saturday. Books'll keep—though I doubt flowers will."

"I'll get a girl in to look after the shop," said Connie Grey. "And now I'll take this money round to the bank."

"Would you like an escort, miss?" asked the constable.

"Indeed I would not. I still have to carry the takings to the bank every week. I don't suppose the police will provide an escort every time." Connie turned to Arthur. "And thank you again, Mr. Fenton. You were very brave."

Arthur smiled awkwardly. Connie Grey went off to the bank. The little crowd dispersed, the excitement over, and Arthur returned to the interior of his shop.

Half an hour later he looked up to see Connie Grey coming in with a coffee pot and two cups. He protested that really she should not have bothered. She replied that it was a pleasure, and as neighbours they ought to know each other better anyway.

As he wiped a chair clean for her to sit on, Arthur was uncomfortably aware of the dimness and dustiness of his bookshop—old-fashioned, second-hand, whereas Connie dwelt in a green-tiled freshness of flowers sprinkled with clean water, smelling sweet. But she prattled on so easily about the morning's adventure as to overcome his diffidence, and soon had him at his ease, too.

Really, she said, she had been terrified. When that great lout suddenly struck her and snatched the bag from her arm. . . . And then, as she screamed and looked round, there he was sprawling on the ground and Arthur Fenton so gallantly tackling him.

"At any rate," she said, "you'll have something to tell your wife about when you get home this evening."

He answered abruptly: "I'm not married. I was, but not now."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said uncertainly.

At that moment an old woman wandered into the shop, looking for a gardening book. She wanted something for indoor plants, explaining with a little timid smile that she no longer had a real garden. Arthur found her a book.

"Is it expensive?"

"Half a crown."

"Oh yes," she said, relieved, "I can manage that."

"You can have it for two shillings," he said.

"Oh, thank you."

When she had gone, Connie said: "Well, now

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Connie took his hand. "I'm so sorry about your wife and little girl," she said gently. "I didn't know"

by DUDLEY BARKER

y it seemed
happiness

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

A SOLDIER WITH THE ARABS - 4

Rioting children paralyse Amman

by SIR JOHN GLUBB

Revolt was bred in Jordan's schools. While screaming pupils blocked the streets, agitators took over with stones and fire

On April, 1955, King Hussein of Jordan was married to his cousin, the Amira Dina. The new Queen, in addition to being young and attractive, had won a degree at Cambridge.

Two days after the wedding, His Majesty held a ceremonial review of the Arab Legion, the army of Jordan, which I commanded. Shortly before this, in the royal palace at Amman, the King had told me in the presence of others that he disapproved of the plans I and my fellow-officers had made for meeting Israeli attacks in the Arab-Israeli war in Palestine.

As I stood behind the King on the dais at the saluting base I could not help wondering if this would be my last Arab Legion review.

The reviews of the Arab Legion had gained a wide reputation. It was during this summer of 1955 that the Arab Legion massed bands did a tour of Great Britain. People who imagined Arabs to be wild desert camel riders were surprised to see the bands beating retreat on the Horse Guards Parade, or the Pipes and Drums marching down Princes Street, Edinburgh.

It was our swan song—within months the Arab Legion as I knew it had ceased to exist.

Although naturally I was not fully aware of what was happening at the time, the net of intrigue began to move in closer around me and the Arab Legion. When King Hussein had been at Harrow and Sandhurst he had acquired a liking for the pleasures of Europe. So when he ascended to the throne he made a habit of taking a long annual holiday in London, Paris, Switzerland and Rome. In Paris in 1954 he met the Jordanian military attaché, a young Arab Legion captain named Ali abu Nuwar.

This captain had first made himself prominent as far as I was concerned in 1951, early in the brief reign of King Tellal—King Hussein's father—who was deposed because of mental illness.

It was reported to me that Ali abu Nuwar was talking politics in an hotel in Amman. He had, it appeared, been saying that Jordan did not need Britons like Glubb Pasha; nor for that matter did she need a King. All the rest of the Arab countries would stand by Jordan if she drove out the British.

I reported these incidents to Taufiq Pasha, the Prime Minister. In view of the uncertainty in Jordan caused by the King's mental instability, it was decided to remove Ali abu Nuwar by appointing him to Paris.

After King Hussein's visit to Paris in 1954, during which Ali became the King's guide to the sights of the city, Ali wrote me a letter. He said he believed that I had heard that he had intrigued against me with the King.

"I would never intrigue against my own chief in his absence," he wrote. "I am sure that you will believe me."

I had heard no such reports, but I realized from the letter that Ali had been speaking against me to the King. As the French say: *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*

After Hussein's return from Paris in the summer of 1955, I was asked by the Prime Minister if I had any objection to the return of Ali abu Nuwar, as His Majesty was most anxious to secure him as aide-de-camp. I replied that the only objection was that Ali was a political intriguer. If he returned, he would make trouble between me and the King. The Prime Minister admitted that Ali held extreme political views.

"His Majesty is devoted to him as long as he is far away," he said. "If he comes back, the King will probably tire of him."

The whole basis of my position was that I was a servant of the Jordan Government. I could not defy the King and the government.

"As Your Excellency orders," I said, smiling.

Two days later, I met King Hussein at a lunch party. He thanked me most kindly for posting Ali abu Nuwar to be his Chief A.D.C.

Then began political trouble. The cause was the Baghdad Pact, to which Turkey, Iraq and Pakistan belonged. King Hussein wanted Jordan to join it too; with three strong allies she would be safe from any attack by Israel. However, as King Hussein told the Turkish President: "We are economically ruined. We have half a million refugees—one-third of our population—without work."

To gain the strength needed to become a useful member of the pact, the King turned to Britain. And in December, 1955, General

Hussein was married in 1955 to his cousin, the of a daughter they have been estranged. Now

Carrying banners with anti-American slogans youths demonstrate in Amman. Riots followed and Hussein was rumoured to have been killed

Amira Dina, a Cambridge graduate who is five years older than he. Since the birth Hussein is reported to be planning marriage again—to Ferial, daughter of Farouk

Glubb leaves Buckingham Palace after being knighted by the Queen last year. Banished from Jordan he now lives in Sussex

Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, arrived in Amman with the news that the aid Britain could offer was substantial. It included an infantry brigade, a regiment of tanks and a jet fighter squadron.

But there was Egypt to reckon with. Her passion was to dominate Arab politics.

The Egyptian broadcasting stations, particularly the "Voice of the Arabs," poured forth incitement and abuse. The Baghdad Pact, said Egypt, was a trick; when Jordan had joined, Israel would join also and then Jordan would find herself an ally of Israel. Saudi Arabia, an ally of Egypt, took part in the campaign too.

In the face of all this propaganda, the Jordan government hesitated to accept British aid.

The King was extremely anxious to join the pact, and he even offered to sign for Jordan if the Cabinet was afraid to do so. General Templer replied that His Majesty was a constitutional monarch, and that it would be most rash for him to take on such a responsibility.

I felt a deep affection for the young King, so courageous, so entirely deprived of disinterested advisers and plunged in such a vortex of intrigue, falsehood and power politics. It occurred to me that, if he could survive until he reached forty-five years old, he might well become another King Abdulla.

SUDDENLY, on December 13, four members of the Cabinet resigned. Saeed Pasha, the Prime Minister, hastened to tell the King that he could not continue in office.

The King, who was still determined to join the Baghdad Pact, asked Hazza Pasha al Mejali to form a government. Hazza Pasha was a young man who had been a minister in the previous Cabinet.

Eventually he formed his Cabinet. He stated openly that he had come to office to sign the Baghdad Pact. The Egyptians and the Saudis redoubled their efforts. . . .

All over the Arab countries, students and schoolchildren were the tools of politicians. When Communist infiltration first began, the earliest converts were schoolmasters. As a result every riot in Jordan, and indeed in the whole Middle East, was initiated by schoolchildren. When the schoolmasters received the word from the extremist politicians, they turned all the children into the streets—boys and girls, young and old alike.

On some occasions the teachers had written on pieces of paper a slogan for the children to call out. A mass of children, shouting and singing, waving flags and throwing stones, blocked the traffic. It was difficult for the police to disperse crowds of big girls, or even of little boys and girls of ten or twelve years old. When sufficient confusion had been created, the roughs, the refugees and the discontented took over the riot.

On December 16, 1955, this process began in Amman. The schoolchildren started it, but soon large crowds blocked the streets.

Hazza Pasha ordered the Arab Legion to disperse the crowds, opening fire if necessary. A battalion of infantry was brought into the town, but told not to intervene unless the police reported that the crowd was out of control. Meanwhile, the Minister of the Interior, unknown to us, had ordered the police not to disperse the crowd. A great mass of people surged on to the waiting troops, who took no action because no word had come from the police.

Amman was closed down, crowds packed the streets, the police stood aside. "Voice of the Arabs" blared out wild appeals to the people of Jordan to rise in rebellion. Abdul Rahman Shgair, the Communist organizer of election riots in 1954, was back at work again. Barricades suddenly appeared in the streets. Trucks could be seen arriving from the country loaded with stones.

This first day of rioting was chaos. Then an infantry brigade was moved in and the crowds were confined to a narrow space in the shopping area in the centre of the town. Here they paraded endlessly up and down the barred and shuttered streets, shouting and chanting. Occasionally they came up against one of the cordons, and the troops fired one or two shots at their legs. Then the crowd surged back again into the town.

It was heartbreaking work for the troops. Many stood for ten hours a day in cordons on the streets. They were abused, periodically stoned and called Jews and traitors. Yet whenever they were obliged to fire, they showed perfect steadiness.

Amman was not the only city affected. In Jerusalem the crowds attacked the French, British, American and Turkish consulates.

Everything now depended on the firmness of the government. Some of the riot leaders were arrested, but Abdul Rahman Shgair slipped away to Damascus.

All day on December 19 the crowds again surged through the streets, chanting: "No more Imperialism after today" and: "No more monarchy after today."

We found some old tear-gas bombs in stores and tried a few of them. The result was highly satisfactory. The crowd dispersed almost immediately.

That evening the Minister of the Interior and two other ministers resigned. At 9 p.m. I was called to the palace and shown into a room where Hazza Pasha was sitting. He told me that his plan was to resign and for the King to dissolve Parliament. A caretaker government would be in charge until the new general election in four months. The King came in and Hazza Pasha's plan was accepted. . . .

We passed a rather strained and unhappy Christmas, amid so much hatred. "Voice of the Arabs" continued its daily stream of lies. We sent an officer to Britain to buy equipment, and in January we succeeded in jamming the broadcasts.

The Anglican Church in Amman was next to

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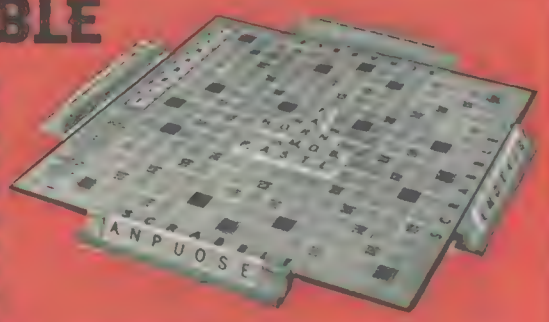

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"Ouch! I'll take them"

our house, so that I could sometimes slip out to early morning Communion through our back door. Sunday was a working day with us, as Moslems use Friday as their weekly day of rest. But I nearly always managed to go to Communion and to Evening Prayer on Sundays.

I had been a churchwarden for several years, Donald Blackburn being the chaplain. For two or three years I had been acting as a lay-reader and taking services when needed.

We had built a small church in a hut in the camp at Zerqa, and I often drove out there to take an evening service for British officers and other ranks. It was a peaceful and happy reaction to days of passion and anxiety to spend an hour in the quietness of the little church. . . .

On the resignation of Hazza Pasha, the King had asked Ibraham Pasha Hashim to form a government. He was a man of integrity, but he was old. A humorist in the bazaar named the new government "The Resurrection of the Dead."

Early in January a legal point arose. The royal decree dissolving Parliament had been signed by the Prime Minister alone, and then confirmed by the King. The Minister of Interior should have signed also. But he had already resigned.

A special court was appointed to interpret the Constitution, and it ruled that the dissolution of the Parliament was invalid. Meanwhile, the King and the government had reconsidered the question of a dissolution. They doubted whether it was advisable to face a general election when feeling was so inflamed.

On January 8 we heard that there was going to be a street demonstration to protest against the court ruling that the dissolution had been illegal.

The demonstration began as usual with crowds of schoolchildren. It dragged on throughout the day.

At 3 o'clock I returned to my house. The police telephoned to say that the crowds were increasing.

I rang up the Prime Minister, but he ordered me to take no action. "It is nearly evening," he said. "They will disperse at sunset and go home."

"Very good, sir," I replied—but I warned the 2nd Regiment at Abdulli to stand by.

A minute later the police rang again. It was the duty officer. "The crowd is blocking the Salt Road and has broken into the Department of Agriculture," he said.

Two minutes later the telephone rang again. It was Ibrahim Pasha. "The crowd is burning the town," he said in an impassioned voice. "Call the army at once."

"Do you order the troops to open fire if necessary?" I asked.

"Yes! Yes!"

I lifted the army telephone, asked for the Abdulli Camp and ordered one company of the 2nd Regiment to disperse the crowd. Then I leaned back in my chair and waited.

The telephone rang again. "Where is the army?" shouted the Prime Minister. "They have set alight to more houses. They will burn down the town. Please be quick."

A few minutes later both telephones rang at once. The first was the police.

"Sir," said a voice, "the crowd has set fire to the offices of the Veterinary Department. It has also burned our fire engine. How can we put out the fire?"

"I don't know," I said. "The army will be along in a few minutes."

"If God wills," said the policeman anxiously.

I picked up the other telephone. "Is that you, Pasha?" said an English voice. "This is Foster of the Bank. I am in the house opposite the Ministry of Agriculture. There's a huge crowd here. They seem to have gone mad. They have set fire to several buildings. Now they are coming across the road to this house with burning torches. Pasha, can't you do something?"

Both telephones were ringing incessantly. Suddenly the door opened and my son Godfrey looked in. He was home for the Christmas holidays.

"I say, do you know what happened to that book?" he began.

"I'm afraid I'm busy now," I said, "there is a riot on."

"Sorry," he apologized, "I didn't know." He shut the door again.

I picked up the telephone. "Where is the army?" demanded the Prime Minister. "They haven't arrived. The rioters will destroy the city."

"I'll find out and inform Your Excellency," I said.

The telephone from the camp rang. "One Company, 2nd Regiment, left camp two minutes ago," I was told.

"Thank you," I answered. Before I could tell the Prime Minister the telephone rang again. It was an Arab woman's voice. "The army!" she screamed. "The army! Help! Help!"

Then an English voice: "Pasha! This is the British Bank. The crowd are breaking in the doors."

In the Salt Road looters were already at work. People were running out of

houses carrying boxes, chairs, tables and curtains.

Suddenly three Arab Legion trucks appeared down the road. It was dusk. Fires were glowing in the burning Ministry of Agriculture. The trucks stopped two hundred yards short of the crowd. Soldiers in battle order, with steel helmets and gas masks, jumped out. They formed up across the road. Then they began advancing steadily towards the crowd—one hundred silent men facing a howling mob of six or seven thousand.

An officer blew his whistle and held up his hand to halt. He waved to the crowd to disperse. But his voice was inaudible in the pandemonium.

"Gas!" he shouted. At once the troops put on their gas masks.

"Two gas bombs—throw!" yelled the officer. A minute later the crowd was in confusion. There had been no casualties. It was all over in about twenty minutes.

For days Amman was under curfew. Then, gradually, normal life returned. This time the government had been victorious, and had to a great extent re-established its prestige.

Meanwhile Ibrahim Pasha had assumed office only on condition that he was to form a caretaker government, pending new elections. Now that the dissolution had been declared illegal and there were to be no elections, he resigned. Sameer Pasha Rifai formed a new government. . . .

King Hussein seemed to me very grateful after the suppression of the January disturbances. One evening he suddenly walked into our house and drank coffee in our drawing-room. On another occasion we dined in privacy.

Some senior Arab Legion officers noticed the change, and remarked that

LEISURE—I

A broad margin of leisure is as beautiful in a man's life as in a book.

H. D. Thoreau

the riots had done at least one good thing if they had reconciled the King to the Pasha.

Not that His Majesty had ever been unfriendly to me. Usually he was extremely cordial and pleasant. I frequently suggested that he should tour towns and villages, and visit Arab Legion units, in order that he might be more widely and personally known to his subjects. Often I went with him.

About once a week I visited the villages and rural areas of Jordan to get to know the people and their opinions.

In Palestine most of the men would be crowded round the entrance to the village, with the *mukhtar* or headman standing in front of them. Everybody would want to shake hands, with the result that much shoving and pushing and laughing resulted. In Trans-Jordan, on the East Bank, the proceedings were often less formal.

Eventually the *mukhtar* would call: "Enough! Enough! Let the guests pass," and we would be led through the crowd up and down narrow alleyways to the *mukhtar's* house for lunch.

There, most likely, a heavy wooden door would lead into a courtyard where hens were pecking and a horse or cow was tethered beside a heap of straw. In a room across the yard women flitted about, smoke billowed from an unglazed window and a rattle of dishes heralded the meal.

We were led up an open-air stone staircase to the guest-room—probably the only room on the first floor—while the crowd surged into the yard below. Our host bowed us into the guest-room, repeating: "*Sharafu! Sharafu!* Do us the honour! Do us the honour!"

Eventually the guests were seated, but meanwhile the villagers had disappeared. It must, I imagine, be a relic of Turkish days—this custom of leaving important government visitors alone. Petty bureaucrats were perhaps unwilling to demean themselves by mingling with mere peasants.

"Where are the village people?" I asked the *mukhtar*.

"They are in another room. Your Excellency can now rest."

"I don't want to rest. I could rest at home. We have all come here to talk with the people. If they don't come, we won't have any lunch."

Eventually, the *mukhtar* gave way, and one by one the elders of the village came in and sat down. The next step was to get them to talk.

"Is it true that this season is going to be bad for the olives?" I began.

From crops, the conversation passed on to the National Guard and how to prevent Jewish raids.

On my return from one of these tours, I was told that certain politicians had informed the King that I had gone to the tribes to strengthen their loyalty to myself and seduce them from their allegiance to the throne.

I accordingly told His Majesty about the stories.

King Hussein replied that nobody had told him that I was seducing the tribes. Then, after a moment's silence, he added: "You know, Pasha, there are people in this country who are trying to make trouble between you and me."

I replied that I knew it, and that we must make sure that they did not succeed. I withdrew after a particularly cordial interview. . . .

At nine o'clock the same night I received a telephone call from the palace. It was Ali abu Nuwar speaking. He asked if I would be in Amman the next day. I replied that I had planned to go to Zerqa in the morning but would be back by twelve.

"Does His Majesty want to see me?" I asked.

"It will be all right if you are back by twelve," he replied. "We can get in touch with you then."

The next day I was in my office at noon when the Minister of Defence, Felah Pasha, telephoned and asked me to call on Sameer Pasha.

I went immediately, little realizing the tremendous change in my life which was about to take place. Sameer Pasha seemed nervous. He told me: "His Majesty came here this morning and said that he thinks it is time you had a rest."

In those few words I learned the news. The King had dismissed me. I was to leave by seven in the morning.

In a daze—the shock had been so great—I went home and broke the news to my wife.

We began packing as soon as the children were in bed and asleep.

The British Ambassador in Amman, Charles Duke, called late in the evening. He had been received in audience by the King and had asked him in vain to delay action. A telegram for King Hussein had arrived from Sir Anthony

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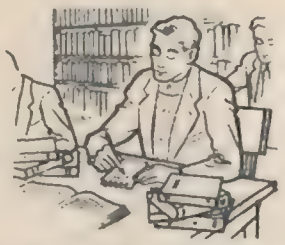

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Eden, who was then Britain's Prime Minister, asking for time to consider the situation. The King, however, had been warned by his friends to beware of the wiles of the British.

A few days before my dismissal the King had asked me for a return of ammunition in stock. I replied with a letter stating that the stocks were almost complete. To the letter I attached a short list of rather minor deficiencies—red and green shells for mortars, smoke shells for artillery and a few similar items.

It subsequently came to light—after I had left Jordan—that His Majesty and Ali abu Nuwar did not read the covering letter, but only the list. They jumped to the conclusion that the Commander of the Army, threatened by an invasion, had provided only coloured lights and smoke with which to repulse the enemy.

Another immediate irritant had been an article which appeared in an English periodical. This had implied, though not in so many words, that I was the real ruler of the country, while the King had little power.

The King had, though, been considering whether or not to get rid of me for at least a year. Sometimes he trusted and relied on me, sometimes he resented or suspected me. Perhaps the difference in age was the greatest obstacle. I was nearly a contemporary of his grandfather. He was twenty years old, and I was fifty-eight.

I do not think that it was from discourtesy or hatred that the King wanted me to leave at two hours' notice. His young advisers had told him that I would probably call the Arab Legion to march on Amman, dethrone the King and establish a dictatorship. It was how *they* would have behaved.

The telephones to the houses of British officers had been cut the evening before—presumably to prevent this. One or two units did contemplate action. In every case it was the British officers who stopped them.

My dismissal was perfectly legal. I was ordered to leave by the King and the Cabinet in office. I was a servant of the Jordan, not of the British, Government.

MY wife and I lay down for a rest at midnight. At half-past four the alarm clock went. We finished our packing, and then woke our children. Our old cook—he had been with me twenty-five years—gave us coffee with tears running down his face.

During the night, we were told that our aircraft would leave at six, instead of seven o'clock. We set out at six, but at the gate there was an officer whom I did not know.

"It is forbidden to leave the house," he shouted. We went back indoors.

In a subsequent press interview, Ali abu Nuwar announced that I had tried to escape at six o'clock to take refuge with the R.A.F.

At twenty minutes to seven, a car arrived bringing the King's Chamberlain and the Minister of Defence.

I chatted with the Chamberlain and the minister on the way to the airport. One armoured car was our sole escort. The Chamberlain presented me with a portrait photograph of the King in a silver frame. His Majesty had written across the photograph in his own handwriting: "With our acknowledgment of the good services and untiring exertions and with our best wishes for His Excellency General Glubb Pasha. 1-3-56. Hussein Tellal."

I asked the Chamberlain to thank His Majesty.

As our plane rose into the air, I could see Amman below us. I had first seen Amman in 1924, when I arrived on a camel, having ridden across five hundred miles of desert from Baghdad. Then it was a little village. Now it was a city of a quarter of a million inhabitants.

For twenty-six years I had watched the country grow up.

Now, in a few hours, twenty-six years of work had been destroyed. I had not handed over to anyone. The British officers were virtually under house arrest. All the Jordanian commanding officers had been deprived of their commands by the King's orders. No army could survive such a purge.

After my departure, King Hussein was hailed by the extremists as the saviour of his country. Much of the extremist bitterness injected into Jordanian politics from 1951 onwards had been due to a Damascus political party called the "Ba'th." Its full name was Al Ba'th al Arabi, meaning The Arab Renaissance.

In internal politics, the Ba'this were supposed to be left-wing Socialists, but these European labels mean little in Arab politics. What is more important is that they were intensely nationalistic, and had made common cause with the Communists.

Communism as an ideology has few Arab adherents but extreme nationalism can command wide support, particularly among the young.

Ali abu Nuwar was a member of the Ba'th. The latter having signified its readiness to work with a monarchical régime, and the Communists being willing to keep out of sight, Ali abu Nuwar and six young officer friends were able to win over King Hussein, who, fired with youthful nationalist enthusiasm, became their willing, but unconscious, tool.

Ever since 1954, the Ba'this had made my dismissal one of their principal objectives. But the Ba'this and the Communists were a minority in the country, and had, in those days, no influence in the army. Their stroke of genius was to win the King to their side. In the end, of course, they intended to get rid of him also.

Sameer Pasha, the Prime Minister, was himself dismissed by King Hussein a few weeks after I left. An extremist left-wing government took office the day before the Franco-British landing in Port Said. The Communists and the Ba'this made great capital out of the action by France and Britain.

The Anglo-Jordanian Treaty was terminated on March 13, 1957, and as a result British financial aid which had amounted to some £12 million a year also came to an end. Egypt, Saudi Arabia and Syria undertook to pay Jordan this amount. Such an arrangement placed the country under the domination of its new paymasters.

Friction between the King and the government continued to increase. On April 10 the King dismissed the government, as he was constitutionally empowered to do.

The three parties—the Ba'this, the National Socialists and the Communists —announced that they would oppose the formation of any other government. With rioting apparently imminent, the King could find no one willing or able to form a new ministry. Five days passed in tension, rumours, excitement and expectation of a violent outbreak. The King never left his palace. He knew now that his throne and perhaps his life might at any moment be forfeit.

Several units of the Arab Legion had, in my time, been enlisted principally from tribesmen, many of them nomadic bedouins. The conspirators regarded these regiments with fear and aversion. The bedouins were hardy, simple men, with a straightforward and unquestioning belief in God, even if they were not pious. They were but little corrupted by foreign influences, still regarded the Hashemite dynasty with reverence as descendants of the Prophet Mahomet, and were not fertile soil for Communist propaganda.

The conspirators could not hope to win over these units, but they had appointed one of their party, Lieutenant-Colonel Maan abu Nuwar, the cousin of Ali, to command them.

On April 13, Maan abu Nuwar gave orders to these bedouin-recruited units to go out on a night exercise. Suspecting a trap, the troops refused to parade for the exercise. Unable to influence them, Maan abu Nuwar appears to have consulted some artillery officers who were in the conspiracy. It is alleged that these officers told their men that the bedouin infantry were mutinying against the King and ordered them to attack them.

Whether this is true or not, fighting broke out between the different units and resulted in two killed and twenty-five wounded. To such a pass had a year of plotting reduced the once-splendid Arab Legion.

King Hussein was told, in his palace in Amman, that fighting had broken out between units of his army, twenty miles away in Zerqa. The King decided to go himself, and his visit resulted in triumph. At this moment of crisis, King Hussein showed that he possessed the same physical courage as had characterized his grandfather, King Abdulla.

Ordering his traitorous and now alarmed General, Ali abu Nuwar, to accompany him, the King set out for Zerqa. Before reaching the camp, they met a column of troops driving towards Amman. The young King's heart may well have stood still for a moment—were they the traitors who had come to kill him, or the loyalists who had risen to defend his cause?

A rumour, it appeared, had reached Zerqa to the effect that the King had already been murdered. The troops, wild with excitement and largely out of control, had set out for Amman to find out the truth. On the way, they met the young Hussein himself. Frenzied with enthusiasm, they surrounded the young King, cheering excitedly.

Then they recognized General Ali abu Nuwar in the car and began shouting, "Kill him! There is the traitor." It was with difficulty that the King rescued his former adviser and sent him back to Amman.

King Hussein returned to the palace in triumph, accompanied by a volunteer escort from the Armoured Car Regiment. When he arrived he found Ali abu Nuwar grovelling. The King permitted him to leave the country, and the next day he crossed the frontier to Damascus. King Hussein personally ordered the arrest of the other officers, whom he knew to be of Ali abu Nuwar's party.

Courts of inquiry met to investigate the plot for a military *coup d'état*. Some officers were placed under arrest; others fled to Syria. These proceedings were not at all to the taste of the Ba'this, the National Socialists or the Communists, who called a general strike and organized riots. The government resigned.

The King summoned the old supporters of the Crown in the days of King Abdulla. Ibrahim Pasha Hashim, an octogenarian, became Prime Minister, supported by Sameer Pasha Rifai. Riots broke out in all the cities, but particularly in Amman and on the West Bank of the Jordan. Curfew was imposed on all the towns where rioting was taking place, the army assumed control, martial law was declared, all political parties were abolished, Parliament was dissolved and the Constitution was suspended. These drastic measures were quickly effective.

A GREAT many of Jordan's problems are at present unanswerable. There is no golden road to peace in Palestine, but undoubtedly the settlement of the problem of a million Arab refugees is an essential preliminary to stability. For the rest, a policy of bloody reprisals and counter-reprisals is disastrous for all. Israel will have to make some concessions if she is to live in amity with her neighbours. The Arabs have constantly made mistakes, but the fact that a million Arabs have lost their homes and their country cannot be gainsaid.

Meanwhile, progress is rendered infinitely more difficult by the fact that it is in Russia's interest to perpetuate confusion. In her present mood, she can be relied upon to nullify any constructive attempt at a solution.

Colonel Nasser also, like all dictators, finds it in his interest to breed hatred. To upstart rulers, successive crises are a useful expedient for the maintenance of their power.

To me, it is a sad thing that the special relations between Jordan and Britain have come to an end.

I do not think that we should ever allow political vicissitudes to cloud our memories of the second World War and Trans-Jordan's heroic stand by Britain's side in 1941. We must remember that the Trans-Jordanians, but even more the Palestinians, have suffered a grievous wrong.

Finally, let us remember also that from the soil of what is now Jordan—with a slight extension southwards down the shores of the Red Sea, with which the history of the Hashemite royal family is so particularly connected—sprang the three greatest religions of mankind—Judaism, Islam and Christianity. This little tract of country has done more to bring the human race to God than have all the vast continents by which it is surrounded.

THE END

"A Soldier With The Arabs" by Sir John Glubb is published as a book by Hodder and Stoughton, price 25s.

WHY?

YOUNG Gold was an enthusiastic dancer. One evening he took a bicycle which had been parked by the kerb while its owner was shopping and cycled over to a dance some miles away. He had not asked the owner's permission, nor did he return the bicycle. Somebody at the dance offered him a lift home by car and he accepted, leaving the bicycle by the kerb outside.

It was found by the police, who returned it to its owner. But somebody had seen Gold making off with it and he was duly charged with theft.

When he appeared at the local magistrates' court, Gold was not legally represented. He admitted taking the bicycle.

"But I did not mean to steal it," he said. "I just wanted to get to the dance."

The magistrates dismissed the charge.

WHY? *A barrister explains the magistrates' verdict on page 30*

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*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

"Am I in your way?"

L. S. Lowry sees beauty through the smoke

Continued from page 18

young man of twenty-nine, still living at home with his parents (who had now moved to Pendlebury) was still going to art school in his desultory fashion, still turning out conventionally Impressionist studies and portraits.

Nobody had any great opinion of Laurence Lowry, least of all himself.

Then, one afternoon in 1916, he missed a train. It was the usual train which took him in from Pendlebury to the art school. He can still recall that afternoon.

"I remember that the guard leaned out of the window and winked at me as the last coach disappeared from the platform. I was very cross about that. I went back up the steps. It would be about four o'clock and perhaps there was some peculiar condition of the atmosphere or something. But as I got to the top of the steps I saw the Acme Mill, a great square red block with the little cottages running in rows right up to it—and suddenly, I knew what I had to paint."

For several years after that Lowry laboured patiently to give substance to his vision. Bit by bit, he worked out the Lowry conventions, the tall, brooding church towers, the thin-legged dogs, the black and battered sugar-loaf hats, the ever-scurrying feet.

By 1920, he was painting "genuine Lowries," capturing with uncanny authenticity the essence of both place and people. But nobody paid much attention. The novelist, Howard Spring, then a *Manchester Guardian* reporter, bought a few drawings at 10s. each. The *Guardian* encouraged Lowry. But that was about all. Sombrely, still living at home with his parents, still "keeping himself to himself," Lowry painted on, holding firm to his purpose.

By the mid-thirties he was becoming known a little around Manchester. Local galleries had bought the odd painting. The critic Eric Newton had taken up his cause. But his was a solitary voice.

"Didn't you ever feel in all this time like giving up?"

"Yes—often! But just when I felt like that something happened to keep me going. Funny how that happens sometimes. . . ."

His mother, who sympathized with her son's efforts, though she was a little baffled by them, was ill now. He spent much time looking after her, cooking for her. But still, dourly, he painted on, lighting up with his vision the drab Lancashire street scene; distilling the quintessence of his land and people. Unsold canvases cluttered the house. Outside Lancashire, and inside it too for the most part, the name L. S. Lowry aroused no response.

One day in 1939 it happened that the senior partner of the Lefevre Gallery in Mayfair, a shrewd Glasgow Scot named McNeill Reid, was paying a business call at Bourlet's, the art agents near the Middlesex Hospital. He was just about to leave when his eye was caught by a small picture lying on a chair. It was an unusual subject, mill cottages and factory chimneys.

"Hallo," he said. "What's this?"

Mrs. Berry, who was in charge, smiled, perhaps a little sadly. "A Manchester painter called Lowry. We've been sending his pictures to the shows for years. They're always hung—and they always come back. We must have fifty or more down in the cellar."

Reid at once went to the storeroom to have a look. As the Lowries were spread before him his conviction grew. Here was something different: a painter who was not aping Paris but who had chosen both to live in and interpret his own native landscape. Reid felt sure that he could sell Lowry. He wrote to him and told him so.

Thus, at the age of fifty-two, L. S. Lowry achieved his first one-man show. Once his work was collected together the impact was, as Reid had anticipated, considerable. Eighteen pictures were sold (the top price was thirty guineas). More important, perhaps, the Tate Gallery bought a picture.

Twenty-three years after that moment of revelation on the steps of Pendlebury Station, L.S. Lowry had "arrived."

Seventy now, an A.R.A. and an honorary M.A. of Manchester University, Lowry has been compared by eminent critics with Breughel and Utrillo. His pictures hang in all Britain's major galleries; the Queen Mother owns one.

Some critics, now obliged to discourse upon his work, have seen Lowry's funny little men and women, scurrying anonymously across his mill-walled canvases, as a gesture of protest against the subordination of humanity before the industrial Moloch.

Lowry himself merely laughs at such high-flown notions. He is insistent that, "dark satanic mills" or not, the people who inhabit his streets are "all alive, tremendously alive." If he *has* to have a message, he would certainly see his mission as an effort to reveal the hidden life, the rich humanity and indomitable humour of the mean streets of the North.

For Lowry, a Lancashire man to his fingertips, knows and loves these people. He is one of them and, as he says, he "comes into" his own pictures "quite a bit." "There," he will say, peering at some gaunt, stooped figure in one of his own paintings, "that's me. And that one is, too, I think."

Fame has changed Lowry little. Since 1948 he has lived in bachelor discomfort in a small, dark, stone house at Mottram in Longdendale, a few miles beyond Manchester's bricks and mortar. A woman comes in to clean for him, otherwise he is alone; no dog, no cat ("I can't even look after *myself*"), nothing for company but the ticking of the fourteen clocks he inherited from his mother.

These days he does not even take a daily paper. He gets up in the morning when he feels like it, makes his own breakfast, then starts to paint in the small crowded backroom with the fine drawings of D. G. Rossetti—paradoxically his favourite artist—hanging on the wall in front of him.

He carries on till about two o'clock, then takes the bus into Manchester for a late lunch at a café. The afternoon he spends wandering about. And if he's "stuck" in a picture, his feet will turn towards the mean streets of Ancoats, off the Oldham Road, his unfailing source of inspiration. Night finds him at work again in the small backroom at Mottram, sometimes into the small hours.

"It's a queer sort of life, isn't it?" he says, reflectively.

Lowry has been called a recluse and is inclined to favour that description himself. He is much given to expostulations about "the absolute futility of living." "It's extraordinary!" he cries. "Whatever *are* we here for? What's the point of it all? I can't feel we're really alive. I saw an accident once, so I know we are. But I can't *feel* it. Never could. What *on earth* can the idea be? I spend a lot of time wondering about it. It's always in my mind."

Whatever circumstances may have made him, Lowry is certainly no recluse by nature. Though he hates crowds, he comes to life in the company of two or three.

Lowry's many friends up and down the country find him stimulating and immensely entertaining. But, though often younger than Lowry, they may find themselves in need of a rest when he leaves. For he is a man of enormous vitality. If he has the impulse to

WHY?

See page 28

BECAUSE, said the magistrates, they accepted that Gold had taken the bicycle only to get to the dance. He could only be guilty of stealing the bicycle if he had intended to deprive the owner of it permanently.

Provided a person does not damage the goods, it is neither stealing nor any other crime if he takes somebody else's property without their permission and uses it for a purely temporary purpose—such as making a journey. The only exception to this very old legal ruling is where a motor vehicle is driven away without the owner's consent. (But anybody borrowing a bicycle in this way might have great difficulty in convincing the magistrates that he did not intend to steal it.)

(*This verdict is based on actual cases*)

visit a town—or to climb a mountain—he will be off then and there and nothing can stop him. His whole life is lived in these sudden surges of energy. Even his talk explodes.

Lowry's output is not very large: thirty or forty pictures a year. He is a careful, painstaking worker. Artists themselves remark on the "quality" of his paint. He starts by preparing his canvases with several coats of titanium white. Working over this, scratching at his paint sometimes, he is able to achieve that luminosity, that curious Lowry light and atmosphere so uncannily suggestive of the mists that overhang Manchester.

Once a patron commissioned him to do a painting of Silloth, a little seaport on the Cumberland coast. The client was joyfully anticipating some jolly beach scene, when Lowry turned up with a fine "Lowry" in which the dominant feature was the local gas-holder.

At seventy, he can still find simple joy in planting drawing pins upon the seats of the conventional and the pompous. "I went to Winchester," he says. "I'm ashamed to say that's how I saw Winchester—it was just by the cathedral." He produces a picture of a bedraggled old woman pushing a pram full of junk.

Ironically, after forty years' struggle for recognition, Lowry feels a little imprisoned by it now that it has come; a little irked by this business of being "L. S. Lowry." All the correspondence, the interviews, the need to paint steadily. "I'm like that horse with the cab in 'Pickwick,'" he says. "You know, somebody asks the driver why the cab has such big wheels and the driver says: 'This horse, it's a very weary horse, and so we've got a pair of big wheels so that when he *does* move, they run after him—and he can't stop.'"

LEISURE—2

You must have been warned against letting the golden hours slip by. Yes, but some of them are golden only because we let them slip.

J. M. Barrie

Yet, even so late in life, success has enabled Lowry to expand a little. These days he is down in London a good deal, an enthusiastic patron of the opera and ballet. He is a considerable theatregoer, too—with a catholic taste which extends all the way from music hall to Ibsen. In the cinema he loves to go to cowboy films or to chuckle over the semi-miraculous sword feats of Errol Flynn.

But always he comes back home to Manchester. He has never been abroad and does not intend to go. He will not go too far from the Oldham Road and the mean streets around it which, all his life, have had their special magic for him.

Today this old Lancashire which was Lowry's heritage is disappearing as, year by year, the Welfare State removes the stunted little people, and the new flat-blocks rise above the mean streets.

"Lowry captured a phase of life; a great phase in Britain's history that is passing," says his friend, Frank Bradley. "And for that alone I think he'll live."

Meanwhile, on almost each successive visit to the Oldham Road, Lowry finds new gaps torn by the demolition squads in the once close-knit cosiness of the milltown streets. He crosses an ancient footbridge over a grim canal—and where once loomed a dark cliff of smoke-blackened "dwellings," he finds a clean, nondescript, standardized modern factory.

"See what they do?" he expostulates, waving his stick. "Vandalism! It's vandalism, you know."

But the reasonably observant will not fail to have noticed that a very bright twinkle is once again lighting up those shrewd grey eyes. THE END

I ALWAYS SAY
PLEASE TO PLAYER'S

Jack's the boy for rock 'n' roll; she's the girl to samba. But the very next step they'll both enjoy is a cigarette together. And it's Player's for real pleasure. Player's always please.

It's the tobacco that counts; and this is Navy Cut tobacco as good as it can be, packed firm and full in every one of these well made cigarettes.

Whatever the pleasure, Player's complete it.

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

[NCC 176P]

The other cheek

Continued from page 23

we have to go to this police court tomorrow. I've never been to one, have you?"

Arthur shook his head.

"I don't think I shall enjoy it at all," Connie said.

"I shall have to look after you," he suggested, greatly daring.

She smiled gratefully at him. "Anyhow," she said, "this has introduced us to each other." She laughed. "I'm glad it has. I've been thinking for some time that you're the only one in the row I haven't really met. But, honestly, you seemed so formal and distant. . . ."

"I'm not a bit like that. Truly."

"I know now that you're not, Arthur," she replied, gathering up her coffee tray. "And thank you very much for this morning."

Arthur heard his Christian name, so quickly and naturally introduced, with a surge of joy. But all he could do in reply was mumble that any man would have acted the same; certainly he could not yet have ventured a "Connie."

He met her next morning when they both arrived at the police court. Connie smiled when she came up to him, and for a moment rested her hand on his arm. He took her into the entrance hall, where one of the constables found them seats.

"Will it be over this morning?" Connie asked the constable.

"Shouldn't think so, miss. He's only nineteen. Name of Dan Evans, a labourer from Gerald Street way, and he hasn't been in trouble before."

Arthur realized that this was the first time he had learned the boy's name, or anything about him.

"Comes of a respectable family, seemingly," the constable went on. "Of course, this may not be his first job, could be just the first time he's been caught."

"Why does a lad of a decent family suddenly do a thing like this?" asked Arthur abruptly.

"Who knows, sir? They don't seem to have any responsibility, the youngsters these days."

"What will happen to him now?"

The constable shook his head slowly. "I expect he'll go down. Bag-snatching is a serious thing, sir."

"And so he should," said Connie. "People must be able to walk about the streets in safety."

And so, thought Arthur sickly to himself, this boy without a previous offence would be sent to prison, to become a criminal. Wasn't that the truth of it? Wasn't that what he had accomplished when he flung himself at the fleeing lad in the alleyway? To some extent it was his responsibility. He sat glumly beside Connie.

When the case came up, it took the usual course. There was nothing for the boy to do but plead guilty because he had been caught red-handed. Arthur gazed uncomfortably at Dan Evans in the dock, while a policeman gave an outline of the case. The clerk asked the boy whether he wished to say anything. He shook his head.

"Anything known?" asked the magistrate.

A police inspector went into the box. "Nothing known, your worship. He comes of a respectable family, works as a labourer, mostly casual. We'd like to make some inquiries, and the probation officer wants to see him."

A woman in the back of the court cried: "He's a good boy."

"Is that the mother?" asked the magistrate. "Bring her forward."

She was, Arthur saw with dismay, a pleasant, plump, ageing woman; shabbily clad and worn with a lifetime of work.

"I'm not going to deal with your son now," the magistrate was telling her. "I shall see him in a week's time."

"Can he come home, sir?"

"No, I'm afraid he can't."

"But there's none of us ever been in trouble before, not like this. He's always been a good boy to me."

"He hasn't been behaving like a good boy," replied the magistrate. "Remanded in custody this day week. Full report, please."

The woman began to weep.

So that was that, thought Arthur Fenton dully. That was what he had done.

LEISURE—3

To be idle is the ultimate purpose of the busy.

Samuel Johnson

Since they had both shut their shops, and it was Saturday, Arthur asked Connie if she would like to make a day of it and have some lunch with him, and perhaps go to a cinema. She said she would love to.

They found a small restaurant in a side street, and she had a gin and tonic to start with, and he a light ale. She was enjoying herself, prattling away gaily. Arthur listened, but really he was thinking about Dan Evans.

After a time Connie noticed, and asked if there were anything wrong.

"It's that boy. I can't help thinking that, in a sense, I've created a criminal."

"Oh, come now," she remonstrated. "You can't blame yourself for that."

"But it's what will happen, isn't it? The constable said he would probably go down. And once a youngster gets into prison—well, that's it."

Connie shook her head a little impatiently. "After all, he did snatch the money."

"Yes, I know. Bag-snatching. And how do we answer it? With more violence. There ought to be a better answer than that."

"If somebody commits a crime, he has to pay the penalty."

"I wish I hadn't stopped him," burst out Arthur. "I met violence with violence, and enjoyed it."

"You were very brave."

"Bravery doesn't come into it. That wretched boy snatched your bag, and all I could do was hit him. You think I'm being sentimental? I'm not. I know what I'm talking about."

"Well, I wish I did," she observed, a little crossly.

He spread his hands on the tablecloth and said awkwardly: "It's difficult to put it into words. Once I had a wife and a baby daughter. They were killed by a bomb. At that time I was in North Africa, killing in my turn." He paused and she remained silent. "I understood then that violence is no answer to violence. Yet, when I was confronted with it yesterday, what did I do?"

Connie took his hand. "I'm so sorry about your wife and little girl," she said gently. "I didn't know."

"Oh, it's long ago. I've got over it. But I often think of the question that was put to me then. One man, or one country, resorts to violence. The only answer another man, or another country, can think of is more violence. But suppose I had let Dan Evans run by me yesterday. You would have lost a few pounds. Would that be so terrible?"

"But the boy himself. . . ."

"I doubt," said Arthur sombrely, "whether it would have been worse for him than what is going to happen to him now."

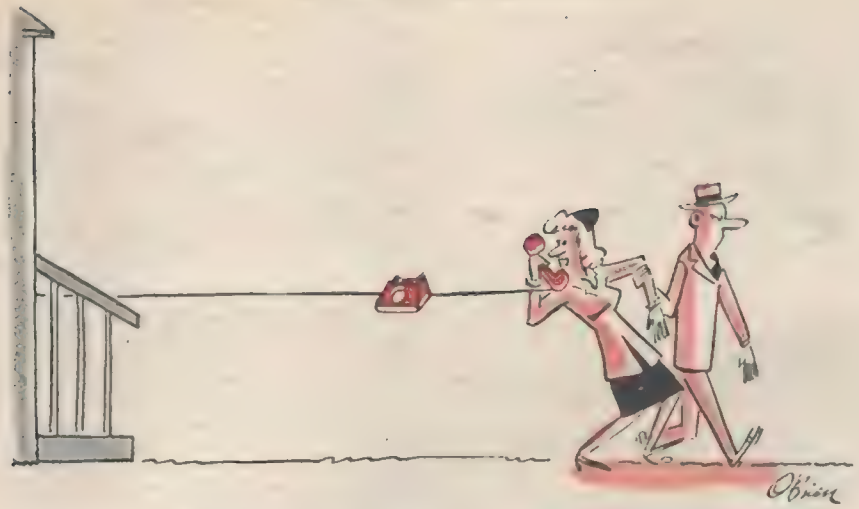
They were both silent. Then, suddenly, Connie laughed and shook herself free of the argument. "Good heavens, we're getting into a proper mood. Come on, Arthur, snap out of it and let's go to that cinema."

At eleven o'clock on Monday morning, Connie arrived in his shop with her coffee pot and two cups. "Always make it for myself," she explained, "and it won't hurt to latch the door of the shop for a quarter of an hour. Not much doing at this time of day."

"It's frightfully kind of you," he said, protesting that he couldn't impose on her in that way.

"That's all right, Arthur. I'm making coffee anyway."

After a pause he said: "It's remarkable how things can change in just a short time. A few days ago we were



"I'll call you later, Agnes—I've got to run now"

only slight acquaintances. Now—well, I feel we're friends. But I only wish," he added, "that I hadn't got to know you through that wretched boy."

"Now, there you go again, Arthur," she reproved him. "You'll be blaming yourself for everything in a minute."

"But so I do. I do feel responsible."

By Thursday he suggested they should spend another evening together and she readily agreed.

They went to a cinema, and afterwards into a coffee bar for a bite to eat. They talked of this or that triviality, and the loneliness of the years seemed to him to dissolve.

If only, he thought, he could enjoy such a moment without thinking of Dan Evans. The idea gnawed at him that his happiness sprang from the boy's ruin.

ALMOST without thinking, he remarked: "Well, in a couple of days now we'll be back in the court."

Connie glanced at him. "Need we go into all that again?"

"Sorry. But I can't help worrying about it."

"Now look here, Arthur, let's drop the subject. You did what any decent man would have done. How can any blame possibly attach to you?"

"The fact remains that if I hadn't stopped him Dan Evans wouldn't be going to jail."

"But my dear man," she said impatiently, "what possible alternative is there?"

"All the same," Arthur muttered, "I wish I hadn't tackled him."

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, that's a nice thing to say."

"Now, Connie," he protested.

"Well, isn't it? I'm a bit fed up. You bring me out for the evening, and all you do is keep on worrying about this lout who snatched my money. It's damn rude."

"That's silly. All I'm saying——"

"You're saying that it's more important to save this young thug than it is to prevent me being attacked in the street."

"All I'm saying is that there ought to be a better answer."

"Then you find it," she said, getting up. "I'm going home."

"No, wait a bit, Connie," he called after her, "I'll see you home."

"There's no need," she said.

And by the time he had paid the bill and got into the street, she had boarded a bus and was gone.

Arthur stood there helplessly for a moment, then he began to walk in the direction of his lodgings.

Connie was right, of course, about the necessity to stop an attack in the street. It was what happened after. Everyone concerned, from himself to the constable to the magistrate, knew that to send Dan Evans to prison would probably turn him into a criminal. Yet they all went on with it.

"What's the alternative?" Connie had asked. *There ought to be one,* Arthur murmured to himself.

As he stopped to light a cigarette there suddenly came to him the idea that, at least, he could go and see the probation officer and discuss it with him. Yes, he could do that. . . .

The following afternoon he was sitting in his shop when, looking up, he saw Connie come in. He hurried over to her and said: "Sorry about last night. I didn't mean to annoy you."

"I'm sorry, too. I know that you're upset about this boy. And then, when you didn't open your shop this morning, I was frightfully worried."

He smiled tolerantly at her. "Nothing to worry about. After you left me last night, I made up my mind to go and talk to the probation officer and get the thing out of my thoughts, clear it all up."

"And have you?"

"Yes, I think so." He hesitated, and then went on: "Connie, I asked the probation officer if there were any way we could keep this boy out of prison. Seems there is a chance, if somebody would give the boy a job and promise to watch him. So I said I would. I could do with an odd-job boy."

"Give him a job here? But—Arthur!"

"You wouldn't mind, would you?"

"It'll never work."

"No, I don't suppose it will," he dully agreed. It was the reaction, he told himself, that he had of course expected from her, but he had hoped that perhaps she would see this could be a better answer. He sighed.

"You'll get no thanks," she said.

"Probably not. He'll just think I'm soft and probably steal the takings."

"I suppose you look on yourself as an idealist," Connie said, wandering round the shop. "Well, I suppose you are, in a way. But I tell you one thing," she added, gazing at the disarray of books, "you're a muddlehead."

Then she came and put both hands on his shoulders, smiling up at him. "What an idiot you are," she said, "but in a good sort of way. I think you're asking for trouble, but since nothing else will quiet that silly conscience of yours, I suppose we'd better try to make it work."

"We?"

"You'd probably make a hash of it on your own. You're too soft-hearted. All right, Arthur, perhaps you are right in wanting to help this boy. I think it's quixotic of you—but good. I admit that. All the same, it won't help him to be just dreamy about it. You need someone with a lot of hard common sense, like me."

He glanced quickly round his shop, and his whole life. "It seems to me that I need someone like you altogether. Does that sound quite impossible?"

She smiled. "Perhaps not quite."

He put his arms round her. When, a minute or two later, she freed herself, stepping back and giving him a little grin, she said: "Pouf! We'd better make a rule about behaviour during business hours." She walked round behind his counter. "And another thing, Arthur dear—we must get a lock fitted to this open till." THE END

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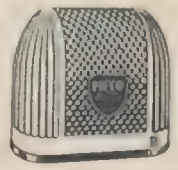

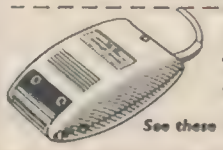

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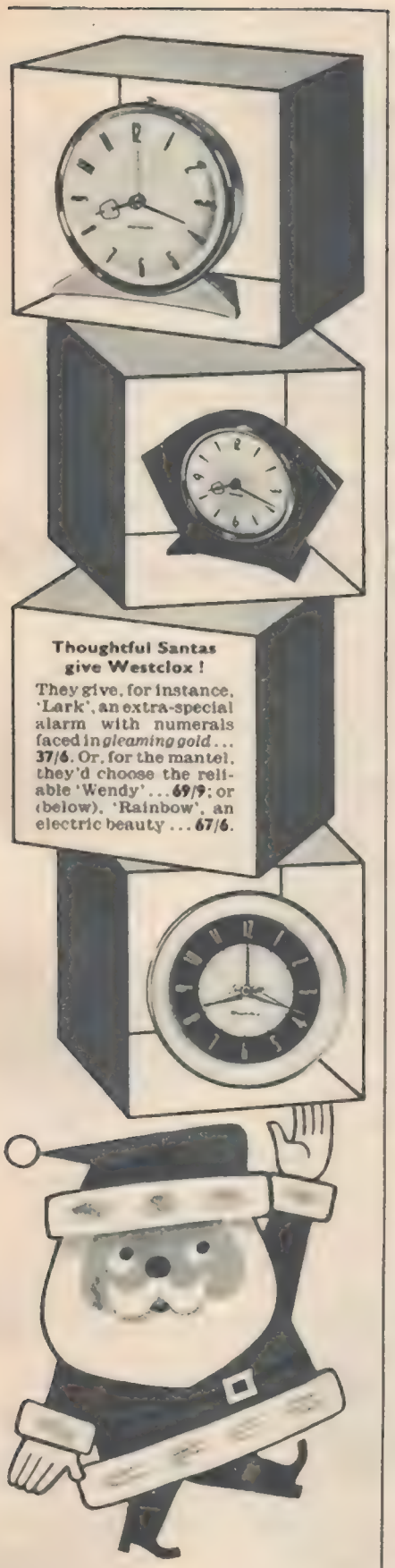
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A kind of courage

Continued from page 20

excitement—exactly like a terrier after a rat, he thought with surprise, all courage and no patience.

"I'm sick of this farce," Barrington was saying. "I'm going after him."

"For God's sake, have some sense."

"Dammit, he couldn't hit a barn door." Barrington swung impatiently round on Hilton. "He's fired five shots already and they've been nowhere near us."

Hilton sighed. "All right," he said. "I think you're a damn fool, but I'll be right behind you."

"Good man," Barrington said. He raised his revolver above the lopsided gravestone and waited for the shot. They heard a shuffling among the shadows and listened to the whine of the bullet among the trees.

"That's the lot," Barrington said.

Hilton was still drawing a deep breath, conscious of a feeling of emptiness at the pit of his stomach and of a deeper feeling of resentment for Barrington's foolhardiness, when Barrington leaped to his feet.

"Now!" he shouted, leaving the shelter of the gravestone. Then the excitement in his face changed at once to surprise as the shot he had not expected rang out. He spun round, a hand clapped to his right shoulder, the blood spurting immediately through his fingers.

"He had another one," he said. . . .

Hilton knelt in the little hollow behind the big gravestone, his fingers among the small pebbles that made up the surface of the earth. The crickets seemed to have gathered in numbers, stirring the silence with their noises, drowning the bell-like honks of the bullfrogs in the swamp beyond the cemetery. He could hear his own breathing, too, and the beating of his heart, and suddenly he remembered how he had sat like this once before, all through a desert night in a scooped-out hollow in the earth, waiting for an unseen enemy to spring on him.

He looked across at Barrington, who was sitting silently with his back to the gravestone, still stupefied by the shock of finding himself wrong.

He stared at the revolver Barrington had dropped, a black shape glinting in the moonlight beyond the gravestone. He had tried once to get it, in the hope of using its barrel as some sort of tourniquet, but the bullet that had whined from the shadows had kicked up the dust close by and he had decided that he couldn't help much by getting hit himself.

He sat thinking, playing with the pebbles under his hand. Once, he thought, there had been flowers here. Once someone had carefully tended this plot of earth.

Barrington breathed heavily in a sudden snore and Hilton looked up. The youngster was a little drowsy from loss of blood. For a while he had babbled to himself; self-accusation, self-blame, everything, running through the whole gamut of guilt, horrified by the thought that he had been nearly killed and nearly got Hilton killed by his intolerant impatience.

Hilton had finally told him to shut up, in a voice devoid of sympathy and harsh with anger, for the wound in Barrington's shoulder, which was pumping out blood faster than they had been able to staunch it, had presented a problem he couldn't easily solve. Someone had to bring help before Barrington grew too weak, and Hilton couldn't yet see how to do it. If he took a chance and went himself, it would mean leaving Barrington there alone.

Action was being forced on him when it was against all common sense to do anything but wait. But what possible action could he take?

It was a stupid position: two men, one black, one white, both finger on trigger, both itching for something to happen to break the impossible strain of sitting and wondering; both of them glancing slit-eyed at every twitch of sound from the undergrowth alongside; both of them trying to decide what the other was up to.

If only, Hilton thought, there'd been someone else to draw the Temne's fire while he made a dash for help—someone, say, among the shadowy clump of hibiscus bushes on his left.

Then, feeling the pebbles under his fingers again, he saw that there *could* be someone, that by encouraging the man with the rifle to think that there was, he might make him do exactly what Barrington had done. It was a question of which kind of courage the Temne had—Barrington's kind, or the patient, unspectacular courage to hang on. Hilton suspected that no man who could explode into violence against a bullying foreman could possibly have the patient kind.

Thoughtfully, he lifted up one of the small stones and weighed it in his hand.

"What are you going to do?" Barrington asked.

"Just give our little friend out there something to worry about. That's all."

Hilton swung his arm and tossed the stone into the clump of hibiscus, and immediately the shadows where it landed became alive with imaginary threats. He heard it crash into the leaves and twigs and rattle against the stony earth.

Almost before it had stopped moving he heard the roar of a shot and grinned with relief as he realized that the Temne had swung round, taking his eyes off the gravestone where they sheltered.

At once, he picked up another stone and tossed it towards another clump of hibiscus to his right. There was a momentary rattling among the shadows as the stone landed and another shot crashed across the old cemetery.

"He won't go on shooting all night," Barrington said.

"No," Hilton agreed. "He'll catch on in the end. But he'll still be scared."

He flung another stone, a little nearer to the hidden man. This time there was no shot in reply, but Hilton sensed the tension as the Temne waited, watching, his eyes burning themselves out of his head in his efforts to pierce the darkness, his imagination playing tricks with him, his superstitious African mind seeing enemies in every shadow, his fingers twitching, the whole of his body aching to break the strain with action.

Hilton knew the feeling only too well—that awful waiting, the holding on to the nerves just that little bit longer, until the sounds in he darkness resolved themselves into nothing more than night noises; until the unseen foes became nothing more than shadows again.

He picked up three more stones and threw them as quickly as he could, one after another, dropping them nearer and nearer to the Temne.

Barrington was watching him dully. "You'll never do it," he said. "Whatever it is you're trying to do."

Hilton was feeling happy for the first time that night. He hadn't really much hope of convincing the Temne for long, but he knew from experience that fear and doubt were the things that broke a man's nerve.

"Never mind," he said. "I can keep trying. He can't see me and, if I've guessed right, he won't stand it for long."

He threw several more stones, this time to the left, each nearer the Temne than the others; then he heard a shuffling in the centre of the thicket of shadows, and crashes among the foliage as though a heavy body were bursting through it.

"He's coming," he said softly to Barrington, and reached for his revolver.

Then the figure of a man, naked except for a pair of tattered shorts and carrying a rifle, broke from the shadow and ran towards them, the moon glinting in silver lights against the curve of his bare shoulders. He was young and looked as strong as an ox.

Hilton raised the heavy revolver and was surprised to find he wasn't excited, but only afraid of missing. He felt the weapon kick in his hand and smelled the reek of cordite.

The black figure in the moonlight stopped dead. Then one leg buckled under him and he fell sprawling, the rifle flying from his hand to kick up a puff of moon-silvered dust as it hit the ground and slid out of reach.

Hilton stood up, aware of Barrington's eyes on him. "I've got him," he said unemotionally.

He walked towards the wounded man in the patch of moonlight and saw immediately that the bullet had smashed the Temne's leg. There was no anger on the black face now, no madness, just the frightened stare of a wounded animal as he sat holding his leg and moaning softly while he watched his own blood, purple in the silver light, stain the dusty soil.

Hilton picked up the rifle and walked back to Barrington. The younger man had twisted uncomfortably round on to his stomach, staring past the edge of the gravestone that had saved their lives.

"Can you watch him?" Hilton asked. "Until I get help? Here's the revolver. You can use your left hand."

He pushed Barrington's gun towards him with his foot and the boy's eyes flickered upwards and then towards the silent Temne. Hilton thought he saw a hint of fear in them. That bullet in the shoulder had knocked all the stuffing out of Barrington, all the belief in his own indestructibility that had bolstered up a young man until at last he discovered just how frail a thing his life was.

He was tempted to drive home the point, to get a little of his own back for Barrington's cheerful jibes earlier on. *Scared?* The word trembled on his tongue, but then he bit it back. Barrington still had an ordeal in front of him. With his shoulder smashed, weak with loss of blood to the point of faintness, and with only a limp left hand to hold the heavy revolver steady, he wasn't going to enjoy being left there alone with a man who was big enough and powerful enough still to destroy him.

Hilton turned towards the gate of the cemetery. There was nothing he could do about it. Barrington would be all right. The Temne wouldn't move. Hilton knew he wouldn't.

For Hilton had seen something that Barrington hadn't seen. He had seen the look in the eyes of the black man out there in the moonlight. The shock of the wound had brought home to the Temne too just how destructible *he* was. He was as frightened now as Barrington.

The truth was, they were as frightened as Hilton had been when he had discovered the same bitter truth sixteen years before. THE END

Monday

by R. L. COOK

Morning: the world, the flesh,
the weary blood
Revving again up to the
weekday's pace;
The hurried dressing and the
snatch at food;
The bungled kiss upon her
Monday face.
The weekend peels and vanishes
away
Across the roofs, borne upward,
out of sight
By the tornadoes of necessity:
There is too much to do before
tonight.
Even tonight, though now it
seems as far
As Saturday, is just a breathing
space
Before the week fully engages
gear
And grinds and crushes loveliness
and grace
Gained on time's island for a little
while,
But gained and held in her
remembered smile.

Great salmon

Continued from page 11

dinner." He held the salmon up. "The next time I shall not only take the fish. I shall take you into court." He turned to climb the bank.

"You're the most horrible, meanest, hateful, stinking man I've ever met," her voice pursued him. "Give back my salmon."

"I told you the feller was an outright cad. Now do you believe me, Polly child?"

"Shut up, Uncle Giles. Listen, you. . . ."

Michael Crombie collected his rod at the top of the bank. He ignored Miss McCracken, but could not but be impressed by her most unladylike flow of vituperation. So was Colonel Giles McCracken: "Marvellous vocabulary. I do congratulate you. Child, you're a never-failing source of wonder to me."

Crombie heard the old rascal prattling on. He passed his favourite rhododendron with averted eyes. . . .

He ate a mouthful of boiled salmon. It was good; he had little appetite. "Fat black sausages, indeed." he muttered.

"What was yon you said?" asked Cally, hovering. She was Nanny from infancy, and now cook, housekeeper and general martinet to Sir Michael Crombie in bachelor quarters in a lone corner of Durler castle. She had been christened Caledonia in the kirk long years ago.

"Oh, nothing," he said, and toyed with more salmon. "By the way, Cally, I bought a wee beauty of a yearling bull today."

Cally sniffed.

"What's the sniff about?"

"It's no bulls you should be spending siller on, I'm thinking—it's the other sex."

"But I have the most perfect lot of heifers coming up."

"Heifers, cows! It's not cattle beasts I'm meaning. Here's you daft on trees and bulls and rhododendrons, and talkin' to yersel all day, a real old bachelor at thirty-five. A leddyship in the bed and a son 'n heir, that's what we're needin'. It's not healthy. And anither thing—you've a pinched look about ye since yon sherry party. I'll set some castor oil beside yer bed, with a wee thing orange juice to take away the shivers."

"Women and salmon and castor oil!" He pushed away his plate. He certainly was going off his rocker.

The castor oil awaited him at bedtime. He took it next door and poured it down the most suitable receptacle. Sleep came to him, and troubled dreams. *Rhododendron aquamarinus.*

It towered over him, that mass of lovely blue; then narrowing and angry, twin gimlets boring into him. *I love you. I hate rhododendrons, and you're plumb crazy.* And then his baby bull, short of leg, and flat of back, square and sleek and shining, oh perfection. But changing now, changing horribly: *loathsome fat black sausage.*

He tossed in the wilder lands of sleep. He turned and groaned. Now he was climbing from the sound of water. *You're the meanest, hateful, stinking man I've ever met.*

He was wide awake. He sat up straight and lit a cigarette and soon his nightmare faded. But black despondency remained.

Then the rain began. It was a quiet rain, dripping from the eaves of Durler Castle. "Leviathan!" he cried loudly in the lonely night. He began to plot and plan. "Yes, that's what I'll do," he said. "I'll show them."

He chuckled to himself; it was his first good chuckle for a week. Michael Crombie lay again. He slept like a child till morning.

He drove twenty miles to an awkward interview. Mr. Anderson at the bank was stern and firm. "I am sorry, Sir Michael, but the time has come. We cannot meet this cheque."

"Mr. Anderson," he said. "I know you think I've overstepped myself. It's true that a run of bad luck could wreck my gamble. But listen now."

Mr. Anderson listened with interest to the importance of male bloodlines. He knew that Crombie was no gentleman-farmer dilettante, but one of the ablest cattle-breeders in the country. The trouble about him was that he wanted to gamble too much too quickly. Anderson shook his head.

"I tell you what," said Crombie. "Talking's no good. Why not cast dull cares and the office aside, and come and have lunch with me—my own cold salmon caught yesterday—and then if the weather clears, I'll show you the herd. See them and say no, by all means. I won't influence you. Come on."

Mr. Anderson longed for a day in the country. His mouth watered at the thought of salmon. He hesitated and was lost. *Got you,* Michael Crombie thought, but he did not speak that thought aloud. Sure enough, he had him. If he was growing peculiar in his private life, he was no fool in business, Michael Crombie. . . .

It was a perfect rain. It stopped in the afternoon. The river rose three inches. Crombie sent out spies. Report: "They fished all day. Killed two in the lower pools."

The evenings were long in May. He waited until sunset. He parked the car discreetly. He came by devious ways, and crawled the last fifty yards to his vantage point above the Hour-Glass Pool.

Nothing moved across the river. The river spoke with a different voice tonight, but quietly; and in the breeze there was another sound, a jangling creak upstream, from rusty members

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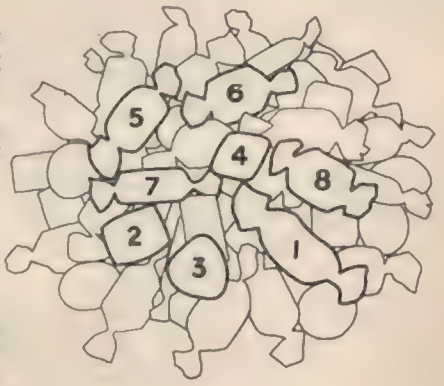

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of the old footbridge that once, in piping days of peace, had spanned the Durler.

In those old days you fished both banks when you had the water. And then the troubles came and grew, and grew until Major Giles McCracken, arrogant devil, home on leave from the Royal Engineers, set charges and blew the bridge.

Old Sir Michael Crombie sued him and won damages to the tune of half a bridge. Since then there had been undying enmity. Michael never saw that derelict of war, drooping from both ends, without a growling rancour.

He put that from him this Wednesday evening, still McCracken water. It was warm for the time of year. The breeze was dying with the day. He had half an hour of light, no more.

The McCracken coast was clear. He stole down the bank. He removed all his clothes except tennis shoes and shorts of khaki drill that he had worn as a boy of twenty in the fighting desert. He stowed his clothes behind a rock. He took up his fly-box, the lightest rod he dared, a gaff.

Still safe. He went to the top of the upper pool, waded in, and gasped in cold water from the hill. He swam as quietly as an otter. He clambered out. He had learned something yesterday—that a fly could be presented properly to Leviathan only from the McCracken bank.

"Are you still there?" he asked Leviathan in a whisper. "The itch must be on, I know. But have you gone?"

He tried the Hairy Mary. He fished the Hour-Glass carefully, to perfection, as only he could fish this stream. Nothing doing. "Dammit," he said. He listened for danger up and over the bank behind him. Nothing.

He rummaged in the fly-box. He was none too warm, bare to the waist and dripping wet. He thought he heard a splash upriver, perhaps a salmon on the run; not Leviathan, he hoped. He chose the Crombie Special —white hairs from a billy goat, orange body, green feathers of the Mallard drake, a bit of jungle fowl for luck, a proper dog's dinner of a salmon lure, a killer in the gloaming.

His teeth chattered, and he fished again. He was not far, perhaps two casts above the place, when he glimpsed a small movement on the Durler side. He finished it out. He turned to look across. A stealthy figure flitted from rock to rock. The shades were gathering, but he recognized Miss Polly McCracken in a bathing suit. "What do you think you're doing?" he demanded, repeating himself from yesterday, with less rectitude on this occasion.

"I'll teach you to steal my salmon." She faced him, arms akimbo like a graceful washerwoman or voluptuous fishwife. She stooped lithely, gathered his clothes—shirt, trousers, jacket. "I hope you die of pneumonia!"

"Don't bother me," he said. "And don't be such a silly little boob." He cast again. Not this time, next time the chance.

"Talk about poaching," Miss McCracken cried. "You're double poaching."

"True," he said. "Now please, Leviathan. Oblige."

Something obliged. Something tautened on his line. Something gave one tentative tug, a small fish or a wary monster, and tugged again, and he set the hook. Then there was pandemonium in the Hour-Glass Pool. "It's him," he croaked. "It's really him."

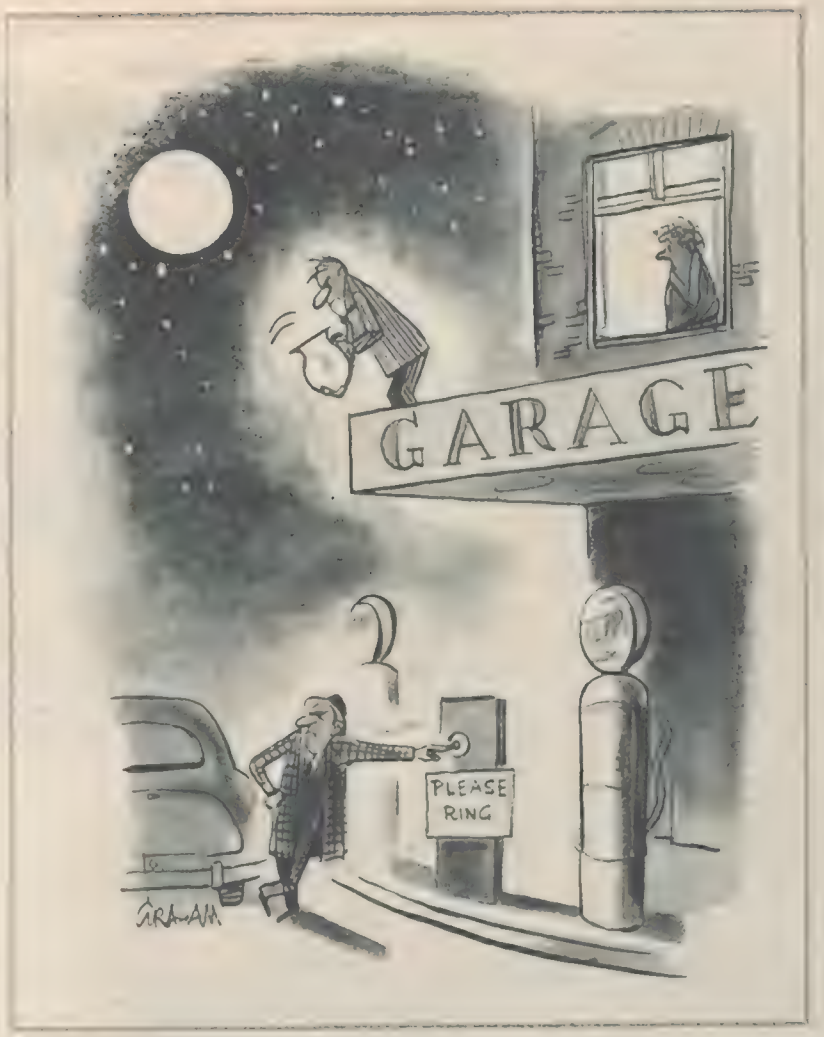
That first rush into the lower pool took all the line, now into the backing, and Crombie followed from rock to rock. He recovered the backing, then some line, fighting Leviathan, gentling him.

"You've got to stop him. Oh, easy now. . . ." Advice.

"Stop teaching your granny. Let me play my fish."

"Our fish, not yours." But Polly McCracken watched, enthralled.

And then the great salmon changed its tune, and made a second run, upstream, and jumped below the Hour-Glass, clean out and up and in again



with a mighty broadside splash. "Jiminy Cricket!" cried the girl. "Barking Beelzebub, what a fish!"

Now most of the line was on the reel, but the battle was only just begun. His teeth no longer chattered, chills worked out of him.

The girl said: "I'm frozen. I'm absolutely gooseflesh everywhere."

It was nearly dark, a dying glow in the west, a rising glimmer in the eastern sky. Leviathan rested, immovable. Crombie said: "What?"

"I said: Could I please put on your clothes to keep me warm?"

"Do anything you like. Keep quiet." He could just see the furrow of stream-cutting line. He watched it; there were sharp rocks in there, the danger of a snag. "Come on, Leviathan," he said. "Get weaving."

Leviathan got weaving. This time he ran right through the lower pool and on, and on. Crombie clambered, waded, slipped, fell in up to his neck, swam a few strokes, climbed, jumped, floundered, and somehow followed.

At last everything went slack—too slack. Lost him. Crombie reeled in. He gasped and ached. But his breath was coming back. Then mercy miracle and magic, live tension on the line again, not lost.

Once more the fish lay deep. And the fisherman said: "Sorry, Leviathan, old boy," and meant that too, respecting his quarry. But now the first of the battle was done, and now, given luck, he was going to kill his quarry. Now fish and fisherman were resting.

There were scuffles and sulphurous contralto oaths from Polly McCracken. "They're absolutely huge," she said. "I can't darn well stand up in these blasted pants."

"Take a reef in the blasted pants," he said.

"I have, you silly man." Miss McCracken sighed, shapeless huddle in a pale moonbeam. "They smell a bit," she said. "Of pipes and tar and cigarettes and hooch and cattle beasts. Of you, I guess, too," she added, frank as ever.

"Take them off, then. I've got better things to think about."

"Take them off and catch my death of cold. Why are you always so mean and beastly?"

"*Me*, mean and beastly?" Had he asked her to pinch his clothes? But a plaintive note, quite new. "Strange creature," he remarked, and then Leviathan was on the run again.

That battle went on, through fast water and through slow, by cliff and grassy bank, through woods and fields. Two hours, it must have been. Now midnight, the full moon in the south, the salmon spent at last, the man spent too—an audience of one across the River Durler, a scion of the enemy, and yet a watching comrade in this battle. "Hey, you!" she called.

The butt was anchored in the top of his shorts. He ached from fingers to shoulders and down his back. His lungs sought painful breath. He must gain strength to gaff the fish. "Unnggh?"

"You're crazy and rude and everything. But you sure are mighty tough."

"Ditto you," he grunted. "Admit got bags guts."

He felt much stronger of a sudden. He drew poor Leviathan into the

LEISURE—4

Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.

Mrs. Hester Thrale

shallows now, rolling sluggishly—the battle over, the triumph coming, and yet to be lost for ever at achievement. He took the gaff. He leaned to make the wicked stroke, and then desisted. Through all the pantings, drummings, wheezings, beatings of fatigue came outer sounds.

"Polly! Oh damn you, bloody root! Oh Polly child, where are you?" It was McCracken.

Was he to be caught here? Shot out of hand? Michael Crombie dithered.

"Swim over," the girl hissed. "Swim over, dopey. Bring rod'ngaff."

Dopey swam over. Leviathan's ice-cold element revived him.

"Gimmitme, quick!"

He gave the rod to Miss McCracken.

"Thought I heard voices, but not a sound. I've lost her, yes, I've lost her. I knew it all along, that ghastly poem haunting me: 'One more Unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to her death.' . . ." The voice was near; the beam of an electric torch came bob, bob, bobbing on the other bank.

"Now gaff him."

He gaffed the giant fish.

"What do I find? A pathetic heap of silk, a little crumpled dress beside the river. Lost, my niece, my heir, the apple of my eye. And the sounds, the voices that brought me running. All nothing, figments of imagination, silence of the watery grave. I'll try one last time. Polly!"

"I'm here, Uncle Giles," his heiress called tartly. "What *is* all the fuss about?"

"Thank God!" The beam weaved about, augmenting moonlight, and settled first on Leviathan. "Jumping Jehosophat, what a fish!" The light moved to Michael Crombie. "That scoundrel! Explain yourself, sir. What has he done to you, dear child, in sacks and tatters?"

"This is what happened, Uncle Giles. You see, after dinner I got a bit fed up, and I thought of a way we often fish for salmon in B.C., and so I took my clothes off and before I knew what had happened, the fish was hooked, and then I had to climb and stumble and flounder and swim and follow the big beast all the way down here.

"It was just terribly exciting and more dangerous than I counted on in a little bit of a tinpot river like this Durler. And then I was absolutely tuckered out and fit for drowning, and this Crombie came from nowhere out of the blue and stripped and absolutely saved my life. He dived right in and saved me. Then I caught the fish, and he gave me his clothes and everything. He's crazy, Uncle Giles, I know, but tough as moose-hide and quite a hero."

"Thank you," said Michael Crombie. "Your niece, sir," he added, "she shoots a very pretty line."

"Yes, yes, a bonny fisherman for a gel. But swimming after salmon! Outlandish notion! Never heard of it in all my life." Then Colonel McCracken's musing ceased, and his voice cracked high: "No clothes, dear child, what a dreadful thought. Rescued by this feller in your birthday suit, oh mercy on us!"

"In my swim suit!" cried his niece. "What do you take me for? Here, look."

"Yes, yes, I apologize. Tut-tut, though, the merest sheath. Really, what is the world coming to? As for you, sir, I offer my thanks. But no more of the nocturnal swimming. I will not have it, Polly. But how . . . ? Why did I ever blow that blasted bridge? A mile down to the next. How will the child get home?"

"Don't worry, sir. My car is near. I will deliver Miss McCracken safe and sound."

"Thank you. Thank you, dear boy. Good gracious, what did I call the feller then?" Light turned away. Footsteps receded, stopped. "Crombie!"

"Colonel?"

"See you bring the salmon with the gel."

"Don't worry, Uncle Giles, he will."

The footsteps of the colonel plodded off.

"Who says I will?"

"I say so. Me! Sauce for the gander, Michael!"

"*Michael!* Like music," he grumbled. Peace and music had come, but where was freedom going? "Say it again," he grumbled.

"Michael!"

Time and the river flowed by them in the night. And Polly McCracken said to him: "I know we don't quite hit it off, not yet, about cattle and shrubs and so on, darling."

"True," he said.

"So it's nice that there's one thing we really share."

"True," he said again, prosaic word.

"I meant salmon fishing, silly," said his lady-love.

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20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle
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Greek fire

Continued from page 17

its hold. Lascou looked up in surprise at Maria, a strange woman he had never seen before.

Maria screamed: "*That* is for Juan!"

Lascou wobbled slightly, steadied himself with the back of his chair, straightened. "Get a doctor," he said to Vanbrugh.

"For Juan!" panted Maria. "For Juan! For Juan! For Juan!"

"Where's the phone?"

"No, not phone. A doctor—ground floor. Get Otho. *Bell!*"

Vanbrugh made a move and then stopped. Lascou had put a hand to his mouth and to his obvious surprise it came away slightly stained. Always neat, he fumbled to take out the folded handkerchief from his breast pocket, and while he did so a trickle of blood suddenly ran down his chin, leaped from chin to floor.

His eyes flickered upwards as if reaching for something they couldn't find; he snatched at the table with the letters on. Vanbrugh jumped to hold him but the table went over and he slithered down, dragging Vanbrugh with him.

A new sign was written on his face. He said with terrible incredulity: "I mustn't *die*. . . ." And while he spoke he was already going, sliding over the edge of life, clinging and slipping at the same time while the world tilted against him.

He choked the blood out of his throat and said: "Burn the letters."

Vanbrugh nodded.

The pince-nez slipped. "Tell Anya. . . ."

And then he was no longer with them. Only one finger flexed as if still groping for the trigger it would never find.

Now they were alone together in the great salon while the French clocks ticked and the traffic mumbled far below. The room had become very still: and thought had stopped with movement. Time went round them, passed them by.

Then Maria Tolosa fell on her knees humbly: "*Santa Maria*, Mother of God, Holy Mary, Queen of Heaven . . . *Santa Maria*, Mother of God, Holy Mary, Queen of Heaven," and then a jumble of Latin words slurred together, over and over again.

Some of Lascou's own incredulity still lingered after him: it couldn't happen so quickly, so silently.

Vanbrugh bent over him; but during the civil war he had seen too many such. He straightened up, wiped his hands on his coat to quiet them. He went to the outer door. No sound outside. Another door, open, led into a sort of butler's pantry—this way Maria had come. He shut it, came back.

He scraped together the scattered letters, pocketed them, and picked up the miniature revolver. It was ten past nine. They had three or four minutes. Perhaps. He went to the praying woman.

"Maria, where did you get in?"

"Holy Mary, Queen of Heaven, *Santa Maria*, Mother of God——"

"Maria, listen to me!"

She stopped, stared at him without recognition.

"Maria!"

Her eyes weren't even seeing him. He caught her shoulders and shook her roughly.

"Maria!"

"Yes?"

"Where did you get in?"

"Through the service door."

"Did anyone see you?"

"There was a little boy."

"Did he see you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"When I ring the bell he runs out into the passage and I am able to slip into the salon without—without him seeing me."

"Listen," he said. "Can you listen?"

She wiped the back of her arm across her face. "Yes."

"There is a way out—not going back that way. Nobody must see you. Understand?"

"I saw the dagger as I came in. God gave it into my hand. Then I heard this man talking. I have to destroy him. . . . It is God's will."

"We must leave separately. Can you walk?"

". . . Yes."

"See that door? Go through the vestibule beyond it, to a passage outside this flat. Go past the lift to the end of the passage; at the end there's a door behind curtains. Understand?"

"I think so."

"It will be locked on *your* side. It leads to the fire escape. Go down that. The last flight, to the street level, is weighted so that you have to stand on it to swing it down. Understand?"

"Yes." Her balance was returning. She kept filling her lungs with trembling air and blowing it out through her thick, pouted lips.

"It will land you in a yard. The door into the street will be bolted on the inside. It's on the left of the fire escape. . . . Now then, this is more difficult. You have to remember a street."

He paused and waited. He could not go too fast.

"Yes?" she said.

"Go to the kiosk at the end of the square—remember it?—Papa André. Ask for number twelve Eleuthera Street. Got that? Then do exactly what you're told and ask no questions."

She tried to get up, swayed, stood with his help. "I will do what you say."

He took her firmly by the arm, led her to the door. She said: "It was he who killed Juan. He——"

"Yes. Now then. . . ."

He opened the door into the vestibule. There was nobody about. They crossed to the farther door. As they did so, a boy's voice came, calling.

"That is the boy," she said. "If he. . . ."

"Now." He pushed her out.

She swayed across to the other wall of the corridor, glanced at him out of pain-dulled eyes. Then she put out her hands against the wall, set her jaw, stiffened, and began to walk down the corridor, swaying as if she were drunk.

He could not wait to see if she remembered; he shut the door and slid back through the vestibule into the salon.

Quieter than ever now. The clocks said fourteen minutes past nine. Out with his handkerchief. Handle of the knife first. Blood had oozed out round the hilt; a spot or two got on his handkerchief.

Now the table he'd grasped. There was brandy spilled on it; he picked up the fallen glass, then had to wipe that. His own cigarette end. How many handles had she touched? The boy called again. The door of the study. Up and down it. Difficult to be sure where one had had one's hands.

"Papa! Papa!" said a boy. "Are you there?"

The door from the pantry was opening. Vanbrugh flew across to it, got to it as a small dark boy came in.

"Otho said you were back——" He broke off. "Oh, I thought. . . . Who are you?"

Vanbrugh said: "Your father isn't here. He's gone out again. Have you a——"

"But Otho said he was back. I want to show him——"

He made a move to go round but Vanbrugh barred his way. "Where is Otho now?"

"Back there. Do you want him? I'll fetch him. What if——"

"*No.*" Vanbrugh caught the boy's arm. "Is dinner ready?"

"Dinner?"

"Yes. Your father said he wanted it when he came back. Will you go and see?"

The boy's suspicious dark eyes were fixed on Vanbrugh. He was seeking and sensing something wrong.

"Why can't I go in?"

"You can, when you've seen about dinner. Hurry up, now." He gave the boy a push.

The boy turned to go, and then, with the speed of a fish in a net, darted under Vanbrugh's hand and into the room. Vanbrugh whirled round and grabbed his coat but could not hold him. He caught him in the centre of the room staring across at a man's body which lay islanded in a sea of white carpet.

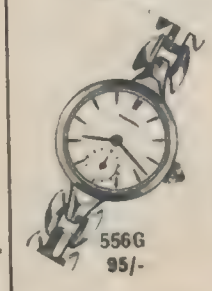
Vanbrugh caught his arms as he began to scream. Kicking and wriggling, he was dragged back towards the pantry door. His teeth nipped like a badger's as Vanbrugh tried to stop him shouting. Into the pantry he went, half fell as Vanbrugh released him, turned back to the attack, eyes glazing with fear and fight.

Vanbrugh slammed the pantry door in the boy's face. No key. He dragged across a chair and wedged it under the handle. The screaming stopped, and a kicking and a rattling and an animal panting took its place.

Vanbrugh flattened his hair, tried to

"Can you come here a minute, dear?"

"I've got an INGERSOLL for everyone!"



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get his breath, pushed up his tie into a tighter knot. She would be clear of the building now. Time to go.

The inner vestibule door now, one glance back. Forgotten anything? Anyway it was too late. A silent man speared like a dolphin. Otherwise the room was just as he had entered it half an hour ago.

As he reached the outer door the assault on the pantry door suddenly changed, the kicking stopped and the door creaked and bulged under a sudden weight. Otho had come.

Nobody in the hall—yet. *Out you go.* Along the passage to the fire escape. As he neared the lift it suddenly glowed with light, and he slid rapidly past and gained the heavy curtains at the end which hid the escape door.

The lift hissed and the door opened and Jon Manos, Lascou's right-hand man, stepped out. He went straight to the door of Lascou's flat and pressed the bell. After a second he saw that it was ajar and pushed it and went in.

Vanbrugh came quickly from behind the curtains and went to the lift. As he got in he heard shouting. He pressed a button; with agonizing slowness the lift door closed; he began to go down.

Telephone messages travel faster than lifts. Might be someone at the bottom waiting. He got out at the first floor, and wedged the inner door with a packet of cigarettes. To the curtained door on this floor; push the bar and go out on to the iron platform above the fire escape.

Crowds, lights, traffic, people, noise were suddenly full size again, telescoped up to him. He stood on the steps of the last flight and, as they swung down, ran down them into the darkness of the yard.

As he moved towards the door someone tapped his arm. Maria stood there in the dark. She said: "The door is locked."

"I told you. But it will unlock."

"No. I could not."

She swayed and he grasped her arm, pulled her across the yard. He knew there was a bolt at the bottom of the wooden door, but when he bent to this he found it already pulled back. He tugged at the latch but it wouldn't move. He felt along the door with his fingers.

At the top there was another bolt. He couldn't get grasp enough to shift it. He looked at Maria but she was too far gone to help. He grabbed a bucket, stood on it, tugged at the rusty bolt. The bolt grunted and screeched back.

HE took Maria by the arm and guided her out into the street. One or two people stared at them as they came out; Maria needed his support. They began to walk towards the square.

He said: "Maria, an eye for an eye isn't much of a philosophy these days."

"It was a repayment. He had got the letters. Look at my face from where his man hit me this afternoon. What else could I have done?"

They reached the busy rim of the square, crossed to the great space given over to cafés and promenading and talk. He stopped and looked back. Heracles House showed no distinguishable change. The top floor was lighted but no distress flares blazed.

Vanbrugh said: "Eleuthera Street you must ask for. Number twelve. But if you take this way out, you must promise me two things."

"Yes?"

"Do what you're told, no questions asked. No breaking down or breaking out. And if you're caught, no talk about the people who are helping you. Got that?"

"Yes, I understand."

"There is the kiosk. I am coming no farther with you."

Maria said: "I am not such a fool as I seem, but—I am shaken. You know? I have never killed a man before. God, it is much worse than I ever thought."

Vanbrugh smiled wryly: "It usually is."

He left her then, and went to the nearest *taverna* to telephone. In the box he pressed the button, the coins tinkled and he said: "This is Vanbrugh."

The tired voice of the old man at the other end said: "What is it, my son?"

"I need your help. The way we once talked of it—remember—the last time I was here."

"Of course. When will you come?"

"It is not for me, it is for a woman. I want you to get her out. She's on her way now."

"A Greek woman? What has she done?"

"No, a Spaniard. Name, Maria Tolosa. You'll find her very upset, stunned, but she'll do as she's told. Get her as far as some port—Bari or Istanbul, where she can take a ship for Spain. If she needs money, give it her; see she has enough for her passage."

"And you? You are all right—safe?"

"If she's clear, when she's clear, I may take you up on that promise myself."

"You will like me to make arrangements for you? In two, three days? It's as you feel."

"In a few days, perhaps. But it wouldn't be safe—us travelling together. First things first."

"So long as you are sure, my son, that you are putting it the right way round."

He glanced through the glass at the crowded *taverna* half fogged in steam and smoke. A radio was blaring a local dance hit. Near the phone a fat man with a napkin tucked under his ear was gulping up dripping spoonfuls of *avgolemouo*. Two girls were drinking *retsina* out of blue mugs and shouting a conversation at the proprietor, who stood behind a marble slab cooking something on a charcoal fire and working the bellows with his foot.

Vanbrugh tried another number. The ringing went on and on.

"*Pronto*," said a voice at last.

"Mademoiselle Stonaris, please."

"Mademoiselle Stonaris is out. Who is that who wants her?"

"Can you tell me where I can get in touch with her? It's a private matter and urgent."

"She has gone out for the evening but she did not say where. Can I take a message?"

"Thank you, no," he said, and rang off.

It was not yet eleven. He pushed his way out of the *taverna* and made his way through the interwoven crowds in the streets towards his cellar room. As he turned into a mean street lined with stalls and the remnants of a market, someone caught his arm.

"*Oktopodi*," said an old man. "Fat shrimps. A bargain price for these I have left. Don't go in. The police are there."

Vanbrugh stared at the wizened face. "Where?"

"They came this morning an hour after you left. They have questioned the old woman upstairs but she will tell them nothing. Can I be permitted to sell you half a kilo?"

Vanbrugh felt in his pocket and began to count out some dirty notes. "They have found my things?"

"That is so. I did not see them, but that is the message. Thank you, *koumbare*. Eighty drachmae change."

"Keep it. Was there any other message?"

"No, sir. Your health, sir. And *thank* you." The old man turned away.

After a moment Vanbrugh went along the street as far as the next turning, ducked into a narrow alley and walked quickly down it. At the corner was another small *taverna*; he went in and ordered beer. He smoked a cigarette while he thought it out.

His belongings would tell the police nothing: a change of clothes, some money, shaving tackle, letters of introduction to two Greek publishers. He had latitude, time to breathe, time to get out. But sooner or later—and it might not be more than a matter of hours—someone would bring his photograph to Lascou's little boy, and the boy would point and say "Yes!"

NOW he must get out of the city, if possible out of the country, before the real hunt began. Every hour counted.

But one thing counted more than hours, even if it meant missing the night plane out.

He finished his drink and left. He walked back the way he had come, moving easily through the strident crowds, cutting across the main streets until he was in the quieter residential district. Madame Lindos's house was well lighted. He pressed the bell.

The man recognized him at once from his previous visit and let him in. "Good evening, sir. The others are all in the drawing-room. They've just finished dinner."

"Madame Lindos has visitors?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I thought. . . ." The man looked at him. "You weren't coming to the party?"

A door opened on the landing above and Madame Lindos began to come down the stairs; with her was a tall, dark woman; they were both in evening dress. Near the bottom Madame Lindos stopped, holding the banister and peering.

"Peter. So you have come after all."

"Yes," he said, making the best of it. "But I'm afraid I can't stay."

"Of course you must stay. I have a surprise for you which may help you to change your mind." She came awkwardly down the rest of the stairs, looking at him keenly. "Allow me to introduce you to Lady Camwell. She and Sir Giles are visiting this country and are naturally interested in our press. Mr. Vanbrugh is an old friend with a profound knowledge of Greece."

Vanbrugh bowed and murmured the usual things. His memory had come to him; Monsieur Vyro and the party to mark the fiftieth anniversary of his newspaper; he had been invited here tonight; a week ago only.

He said in Greek to Madame Lindos: "Sophia, I'm in trouble."

Madame Lindos had been moving them towards the drawing-room. "Trouble? What sort? How can I help?"

"Money. And some advice."

Madame Lindos said to Lady Camwell: "Forgive us, my friend likes to practise his Greek. It is a joke we have." To Vanbrugh: "Of course. Anything I have. Are you in a hurry?"

"I can stay a little while."

"I told you I have a surprise for you. Mademoiselle Stonaris is here."

Vanburgh stepped back as if he'd

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Naomi Jacob

IN 1943 I was on the Continent, and just outside the town where I was stationed was a black-market restaurant which, most regrettably, was very popular with those who wanted a decent meal.

I was there one night with three high-ranking British officers, enjoying one of the specialities of the house, a veal goulash, when a man began to play the piano. He played quite well and we were surprised when the proprietor explained that the pianist was blind.

I forget the story of how he had lost his sight, but it was so sad that, without hesitating, one of the officers called the blind man over to drink some wine with us. The pianist walked slowly over to our table.

A little later I was telling the blind man a story when I realized that he was hardly listening to me but was trying to hear what two of the officers were saying to each other. He also appeared to be watching with great attention a diagram which one of the officers was tracing on the tablecloth with his finger.

I offered him a cigarette and when he accepted I took out my lighter which was of the kind that makes a fairly big flame. I saw his eyes flicker away for a second when I flashed it. This was obviously no blind man.

Looking at my watch, I said to the two officers, as calmly as I could: "If you want to catch that appointment, you ought to leave at once."

Fortunately, they grasped my meaning immediately. Excusing themselves, they hurried out.

As the "blind" man watched them leave I said quietly to the third officer: "Get the car running. I will join you in a moment."

When I heard the car start I deliberately spilled my glass of wine into my lap and, turning to the pianist, begged him to excuse me.

I hurried towards the ladies' cloakroom, hoping that there would be some way out to the street for I feared that if the "blind" man thought we suspected him, things might be very nasty.

Luckily, there was a way out. I flung myself into the waiting car and we drove off as quickly as possible.

The café was raided and when the "blind" man was caught, he was found to be one of the Germans' most notorious spies.

How to make Veal Goulash

Ingredients: 2 lb. veal cut in two-inch cubes; one large onion chopped fine; one tablespoon paprika; three ripe tomatoes; one fresh green pepper; salt and pepper; 4 oz. pure pork fat for cooking.

Chop the onion finely and drop into very hot pork fat. Fry until the onion is golden brown, and then remove saucepan from heat. Stir in the paprika and then add the veal. Season and add tomatoes and the fresh, green pepper, cut up.

Simmer slowly until meat is tender—this should take about forty minutes but depends on the meat used. Serve with rice, gnocchi or macaroni.

Do not add any stock, and do not thicken with flour.

moved on to an unbolted trap-door. He said: "I thought you didn't know her."

"She phoned and asked if she might come. She came before the others and asked me questions about you. I persuaded her to stay on. What is wrong, Peter? Tell me now."

"I'm on my way out. But it's not a thing to involve my friends in." He smiled at Lady Camwell. "Excuse me."

"Of course," said Lady Camwell vaguely. She was a tall, absent-minded-looking woman in a long greenish dress that didn't fit her and didn't suit her.

They went into the warmth and chatter of the drawing-room. Coffee cups clinked and a dozen faces turned to look at him. Only *she* did not look up. . . .

Leon de Trieste, two Americans called Regent, proprietors of a Chicago magazine; Sir Giles Camwell, looking like an elderly schoolmaster; the Greek ambassador to Turkey, who was on home leave; a scattering of other distinguished Greeks; Angelos Vyro, of course; and, in a far corner, his younger son, Paul Vyro, talking to Anya. . . .

ONE or two of them looked at Vanbrugh's clothes. Anya's eyes at last came up to his. They were as cold and as hostile as he had ever seen them. All the same, for ten seconds he forgot murder and the people round him, and she didn't go on with what she was saying. Then she looked away and the thing was gone like a momentary shiver. To reclaim her attention the boy beside her got up and brought her more coffee. She said something in her soft voice and he laughed.

"The installation of modern printing presses," one of the Americans was saying to Vyro, "is the aspect of modern journalism most frequently neglected. Nobody, I say, can carry up-to-the-moment ideas if he's using yesterday's tools. . . ."

Vanbrugh stood obstinately over them until Anya was forced to say: "You don't know Monsieur Paul Vyro? Mr. Vanbrugh."

"I rang your flat," Vanbrugh said.

She looked at him again, blindly now, deliberately dropping a blankness between them. "Oh?"

"Your maid said she didn't know where you'd gone. Was that a diplomatic ignorance?"

"Does it matter?"

"In this instance, yes."

"Well, she didn't. I came here—quite on impulse."

So she would not be telephoned here, Vanbrugh thought.

"Perhaps I can see you home? If——"

"Mademoiselle Stonaris is coming to see over my father's newspaper," Paul Vyro said stiffly. "We shall be leaving in a few moments now."

Vanburgh was given coffee and a glass of *raki*. Cigars were being lighted, but there was a general movement among the company as if they were ready to go.

"You are in *Aegis* yourself?" Vanbrugh asked politely of the young Greek, since he could not get rid of him.

"No, in law. It is my elder brother who is editor. No doubt he will meet us at the paper."

A hand touched Vanbrugh's. Madame Lindos said: "Come and talk to me for a moment."

As they moved off she said: "I have only about two thousand drachmae, and some of that is upstairs. You can have as much as you want tomorrow."

"Thanks, what you have will be plenty."

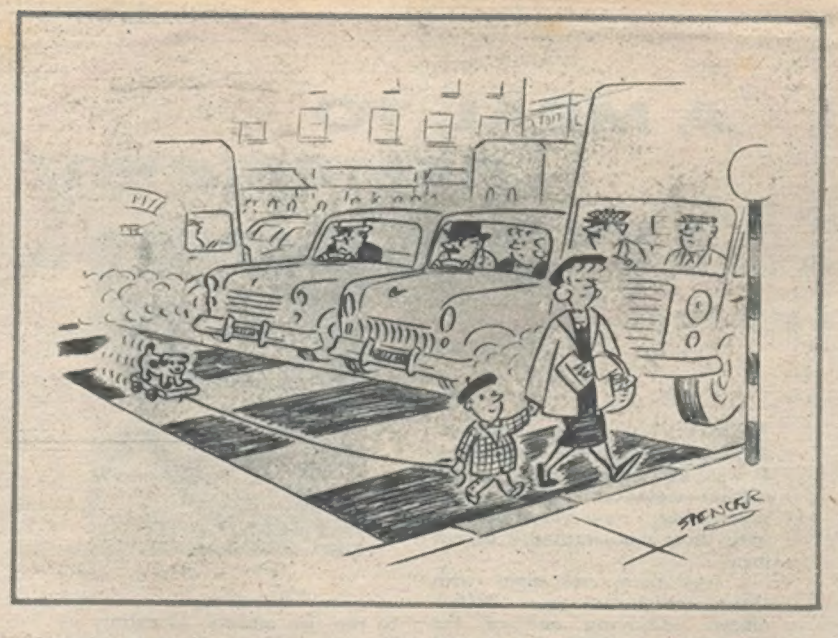
"Why are you leaving Greece like this?"

"I can't explain here."

"I wonder if—dear Count, thank you, but I never drink out. Alcohol, I think, is bad for one at either of the extreme ends of life. . . . You are coming to the newspaper with the rest of us, Peter?"

"You're going?"

"I don't want to, but fifty years of friendship demand it. Why don't you



spend the night here? Perhaps I can help you in other ways."

"I can't. From now on the less you have to do with me, the better."

She was spoken to by Monsieur Vyro. Vanbrugh glanced back at Anya and Paul Vyro. He was bending towards her and she was smiling at him brilliantly, destroying him with her look.

Vanbrugh said to Madame Lindos: "I must come with you to the *Aegis* offices. I must see Anya alone."

"I'll get you the money. Go in the third taxi."

"Thanks."

"You look tired. What have you been doing?"

"Moving around."

Her wise eyes went over him again. "You can't tell me?"

"Lascou is dead."

Her expression did not change. "So. . . . When?"

"This evening."

"She does not know?"

"Not yet. I must be the first to tell her."

"I'll arrange it. Wait for me."

The company began to file out, Sir Giles bending his benign head to the confidences of the ambassador's sister; Lady Camwell trailing tall and vague with the Comte de Trieste; Anya with

LEISURE—5

Leisure will always be found by people who know how to employ their time.

Madame Roland

Paul Vyro in close attendance. In the hall Vanbrugh waited with Monsieur Vyro and Mrs. Regent.

Madame Lindos came down the stairs. "I'm sorry to have kept you, Angelos. I had forgotten my bag."

They went out to the taxi. Monsieur Vyro handed Madame Lindos in with old-world courtesy. Vanbrugh shared a seat with Mrs. Regent. They drove rapidly through the bright streets, which were still busy at midnight.

"Here is the letter you wanted," said Madame Lindos, opening her bag and handing him an envelope. "I will give it you before I forget." Then they were slowing up and she said to Vyro: "I hope this visit will not entail a lot of walking, Angelos."

"Ten minutes will see us through. Then we will meet my son in his office and drink champagne. It is merely a little formality; but you may go straight to the office if you wish."

He spoke stiffly and she patted his hand. "No, no, I would like to come with you."

They drew up outside the offices of the *Aegis*, a squat white building with a polished mahogany hall. The rest of the party were in the hall waiting, and at this point each member of it was presented with a souvenir of the occasion. Each woman was given a silver propelling pencil, each man a penknife. They were all dated and inscribed: *Presented with the proud compliments of Aegis on the 50th anniversary of its foundation.*

Vanbrugh edged towards Anya, who was still being cavaliered by Paul Vyro.

"Anya, I have to see you. I'm sorry—after yesterday—but it's vitally important."

Anya said angrily: "What is it?"

"Come, mademoiselle," said young Vyro, "the others are moving off."

They went up in lifts and walked through a large editorial room. Vanbrugh found himself next to Lady Camwell, who looked at him vaguely, as if she was not sure whether she had seen him before, and then said: "Is this a daily paper?"

In a room full of Linotype machines, at which men sat setting up the columns, Monsieur Vyro halted the party and began to explain.

". . . trouble?" said Lady Camwell.

"What? I'm sorry, I didn't hear."

"Are you in trouble?"

He stared at her. "Why?"

"I heard you saying so to Madame—what's her name."

"You speak Greek?"

"In my parents' house we all had to read and write it before we were ten. The modern is a little difficult at first. Can I help you?"

"Thank you. Thanks a lot. No. . . ."

They went downstairs. A member of the staff began to tell how a raised surface was etched for printing. Madame Lindos said to Vanbrugh: "If it is true, what you told me before we left. . . ."

"It's true."

"How did it happen?"

"Not naturally."

"Oh. . . ." After a minute she said: "You want to tell Anya Stonaris that?"

"I want to tell her it was not my doing."

"Is it likely it will be thought so?"

"Possibly—later on."

"You must leave at once. I have a cousin in Piraeus. I think he could help."

Vanbrugh patted her arm. "This is none of your business."

Vyro stepped forward beaming. "You are not too tired yet, Sophia?"

"Not too tired, but tiring."

"A few more steps, that is all."

The group moved on to the foundry hall. Here moulds were coming in and being thrust into the giant casting box. Beside this the great metal pot was bubbling with molten metal, and at a signal the metal ran down the pipe into the casting box, where it spread over the mould.

An impression of fatality began to take hold of Vanbrugh, as if he were in the grip of foreseeable circumstances which left him no hope of escape. The sweat kept starting from his body.

The casting box was open, and men with leather gloves picked out the semi-circular metal plates and carried them, still warm, towards a farther door.

At this door Monsieur Vyro stopped and stood on a stool and made a short speech. Vanbrugh edged towards Anya. As he did so Lady Camwell got in his way and he felt something pressed into his hand. It was a roll of 50-drachma notes. "You may need them," she said. "I've always believed in backing my fancy." She looked across absent-mindedly at her husband. "I'm not often wrong in a man."

Monsieur Vyro was talking about the two new printing presses in the room beyond, how much they had cost and what they would do, and how they were now going to be set in motion for the first time. It was fitting that they should first come into use on the fiftieth anniversary of the paper's founding and still more that they should be switched on for the first time by his oldest and dearest friend, Sophia Lindos. . . .

Vanbrugh said: "Thank you. But I. . . ."

Lady Camwell had moved on, leaving him with the notes. He thrust them into his pocket as absent-mindedly as she had given them to him. Money was for a future which now might never arise.

He looked for Anya and saw that she had moved with young Paul Vyro towards the door and away from him.

He changed his direction and edged nearer.

Somebody led a little applause as Vyro stepped down and Madame Lindos limped forward to press down the switch. As she did so, a low-pitched hum began in the room beyond; it increased second by second as the party moved towards the little door, and soon it over-rode the noises in the foundry.

Some had already passed in. Vanbrugh caught Anya's arm as she reached the door. "Anya, I *must* tell you. . . ."

She stopped and looked at him, her eyes wide and hurt. Then she wrenched her arm free. "*What* have you to tell me? Nothing that I don't know. It was a weakness on my part, coming here, but I'll get over it. I'll get over it. Leave me alone."

She turned and rejoined Paul Vyro, who was waiting at the door. Vanbrugh followed them in.

THERE was not much room in the hall. The visitors grouped in casual spaces here and there to watch. Four men tended the roaring machines, tiny dwarfs reaching a hand into the vitals with oil can or rag.

Vanbrugh was right beside Anya again, but all communication was reduced to gesture. Once he shouted at her but she did not even turn her head.

Madame Lindos had drawn as far away as possible from the machinery. By gestures Vyro himself was indicating to Sam Regent and Sir Giles Camwell exactly how the machines did their job, explaining how the paper raced round the plates at lightning speed, snatching at the print and whirring through the folders and cutters, to be magically transformed into a completed newspaper and flipped down upon the delivery platform at the side of the machine.

After a time the noise took not only one's ears but one's breath. It was something for which one's body had only a limited absorption. As the first newspapers were delivered, men lifted them upon a moving platform which carried them away to the packing-room, and Madame Lindos had already taken a step or two in this direction. As the party began to move, Monsieur Vyro took up one of the papers and opened it to demonstrate the completeness of the modern miracle. . . .

It was there. The headline took up nearly half the front page. In black print of enormous size at the top of the page were the words: LASCOU ASSASSINATED. Below them was a photograph of George Lascou.

But what caught Vanbrugh entirely by surprise was another word: WANTED . . . and, under it, a quarter-page photograph of himself.

To be continued next week

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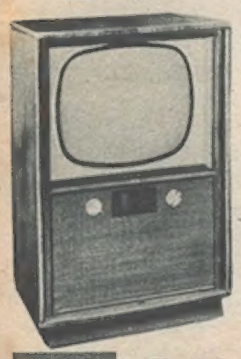

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John's Christmas	In The Dark
That Baby	Music Of Her Voice
Stoke Up The Fire And	In No Hurry
No Chicken	Whatever We Do
Job For Santa Claus	On Its Last Legs
America's Answer	By Accident
At The Old Folks' Party	All Cock-a-hoop
The Power Of TV	Carrying On
Sunk	Down Acacia Avenue
What To Buy	When It's Snowing

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

Hero Of The..... Hunting For.....
Hanging Up His..... Demands .....
It Pays To....., So To .....Ourselves

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

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2,117 Closing Postmark MONDAY, NOV. 25

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£10: M. D. Horspool, "Hillcrest," Dover Road, Branksome Park, Bournemouth: A MOUSE APPEARED AND—NOW IT'S TYPING *Whirlpool*!

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(Each winner from £25 to £5 receives also a Christmas Turkey.)

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RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated Dec. 21), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, Dec. 7, for early news of No. 2,117 result.)

POST ENTRY

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